UTAH

HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

SPRING 2005 • VOLUME 73 • NUMBER 2

UTAH HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

(ISSN 0042-143X)

Utah Historical Quarterly was established in 1928 to publish articles, documents, and reviews contributing to knowledge of Utah history. The *Quarterly* is published four times a year by the Utah State Historical Society, 300 Rio Grande, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101. Phone (801) 533-3500 for membership and publications information. Members of the Society receive the *Quarterly*, *Utah Preservation*, and the quarterly newsletter upon payment of the annual dues: individual, $25; institution, $25; student and senior citizen (age sixty-five or older), $20; sustaining, $35; patron, $50; business, $100.

Manuscripts submitted for publication should be double-spaced with endnotes. Authors are encouraged to include a PC diskette with the submission. For additional information on requirements, contact the managing editor. Articles and book reviews represent the views of the authors and are not necessarily those of the Utah State Historical Society.

Periodicals postage is paid at Salt Lake City, Utah.

POSTMASTER: Send address change to *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 300 Rio Grande, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101.

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IN THIS ISSUE

SALT LAKE TRIBUNE COLLECTION, UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Utah will forever be connected to World War II. Struck by a torpedo at 8:01 am on Sunday, December 7, 1941, the battleship USS *Utah* became one of the first casualties of the war that would last until 1945. While other naval vessels were damaged on that fateful day, only the USS *Utah* and the USS *Arizona* remain as sunken memorials to the event that carried the United States into war. Three and a half years later and a half a world away on the Normandy coast of France, the state of Utah was honored, along with the city of Omaha, with their names used to designate the American landing beaches for the allied invasion of Europe. Today Utah Beach and Omaha Beach are conspicuous place names on maps of France and the heroism that transpired there is honored and revered.

For the thousands of servicemen and women, prisoners of war, defense and construction workers and others who came to the Beehive State during the war years, Utah is a place and an experience still remembered. If the initial Mormon settlement of the Salt Lake Valley in 1847 was arguably the most important event in Utah's history during the nineteenth century, then 1945 and the end of World War II holds, in the judgment of many, the same distinction for the twentieth century. It is appropriate then, that this issue of *Utah Historical Quarterly* commemorates the sixtieth anniversary of the end of the war.

Our first article offers an introduction to Utah during World War II primarily through the experiences of Utahns who lived during the fateful years of 1941 to 1945. Recognizing that any account of the Utah during World War II can only be superficial and impressionistic given the complexities that war brought to all aspects of public and private life, this overview is

intended only as one point of departure for understanding this momentous event.

Commissioned in 1909, the *USS Utah* sailed proudly as a battleship until the London Naval Treaty of 1930 required the vessel to be converted into a target ship. Our second article recalls the history of the *Utah* and offers first hand accounts of sailors on board the ship when it was attacked at Pearl Harbor.

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The next three articles recount the experiences of Utahns during the war—one soldier who landed at Utah Beach on June 6, 1944; another who experienced the war in North Africa, Italy, France, and Germany and recorded his odyssey on film; and a third who returned to the land of her parents to marry and live in Japan while her parents and siblings remained in Utah during the war. Our final article describes the work of the Bingham Canyon Victory Flag Society and the hundreds of letters it received from service men and women around the world.

As Utahns and Americans we join with the citizens of many nations to commemorate the end of one of the darkest, most destructive and violent epochs in human history. In the pages that follow, we recall and honor the commitment, sacrifice, patriotism, and heroism of a quickly passing generation of Utahns. At the same time, we consider other aspects of the war and their impact on Utah as we seek to understand this difficult period of history and in so doing help shape our own present and our children's future.

OPPOSITE: The Salt Lake Telegram reports the allied progress during the last days of the war in Europe. ABOVE: The Salt Lake Tribune announces the Japanese surrender August 14, 1945. ON THE COVER: Salt Lake City celebrates the end of World War II. SALT LAKE TRIBUNE COLLECTION, UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Utah and World War II

By ALLAN KENT POWELL

The years 1941-1945 were unique in American history as the nation fought two simultaneous colossal wars—one against Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy in North Africa and Europe, and another against the Japanese Empire in the Pacific. In the fight against Germany, the United States became allies with the Soviet Union which had been attacked by the German forces in June 1941 less than six months before the Japanese attack on the United States naval fleet at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, on December 7, 1941. But the United States was a relative late comer to the World War that began at least as early as September 1, 1939, with the German invasion of Poland or even as early as the winter of 1931-32 with the Japanese occupation of Manchuria.

Known as World War II to distinguish it from the "Great War," World War I, that decimated Europe between 1914 and 1918, this second great military and naval struggle of the twentieth century left more than twenty-two million military and perhaps as many as thirty million civilians dead in the most violent conflict in recorded history. The war also ushered in the nuclear age with the dropping of atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945. But the war

The end of the war brought a housing shortage for returning veterans. This initiative to help find homes for discharged veterans was held in front of the Utah Theatre on Main Street in Salt Lake City on February 26, 1946.

Allan Kent Powell is the managing editor of the *Utah Historial Quarterly*.

also gave hope for a more democratic and free society both at home and in the war torn countries around the world.

On the eve of war, Utahns, like the rest of the nation, were perhaps more fixed on the intense economic struggle they had endured during the past decade of the Great Depression and greatly unaware of the threat to their country of approaching war.

War, however, did not come as a total surprise for the United States. The 1930s brought unrest and a series of crises in Europe and in the Far East. In 1940 Congress passed the Selective Service Act, the first peace time draft that required young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-six to register. Later in the year, Congress authorized the President to call the National Guard into federal service for a year of training. The first National Guard divisions were called up on September 16, 1940, and by June 23,1941, all National Guard units were on active duty.

The 4,016 enlisted men and 156 officers of the Utah National Guard were called up on March 3, 1941, and sent to San Luis Obispo, California, as part of the 40th Infantry Division that included units from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Brigham City, Garland, Spanish Fork, Fillmore, Richfield, Beaver, Cedar City, Pleasant Grove, Bountiful, Logan, Manti, Nephi, Springville, St. George, and Vernal. Following training in California, many of the Utah guardsmen departed for the Philippine Islands on December 6, 1941, but when news of the attack at Pearl Harbor was received, the transport returned to San Francisco and the soldiers assigned to help defend a three hundred mile area of coastline from Santa Barbara, California, to the Mexican border. The 40th Infantry Division prepared for a possible Japanese invasion and also participated in the movement of Japanese American citizens from coastal areas to ten inland camps, including the Topaz Relocation Center northwest of Delta.[1]

By June 1941 more than 1.3 million men and women were serving in the United States military including approximately 7,000 Utahns. Defense spending in Utah rapidly increased and Utah's unemployment rate, which had reached 36 percent during the height of the depression, dropped accordingly.

Enrollment at Utah's colleges and universities offered another indicator of the coming war as enrollment in the fall of 1941 dropped from 10 to 25 percent below the previous year. At the University of Utah registration for the 1941 fall quarter was 3,665 or 19 percent less than the 4,085 students who registered for the previous fall quarter. University administrators pointed to the high paying defense jobs and increased enlistment in the armed forces as the reasons for the decline.[2]

[1] For a history of the Utah National Guard in World War II see Richard C. Roberts, *Legacy: History of the Utah National Guard From the Nauvoo Legion Era to Enduring Freedom* (Salt Lake City: National Guard Association of Utah, 2003), 204-81.

[2] Ralph V. Chamberlin, *The University of Utah: A History of the First Hundred Years 1850 to 1950* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1960), 479.

Utah's coal mines, which had worked under a greatly reduced schedule during most of the 1930s, now swung into full production with three eight hour shifts mining coal twenty-four hours a day and operators scrambling to find miners to fill all the shifts. Similar activity occurred in Utah's metal mines as well.

On the Navajo reservation the Navajo Nation Tribal Council passed a resolution in 1940 declaring "…that the Navajo Indians stand ready as they did in 1918 to aid and defend our government and its institutions against all subversive and armed conflict and pledge our loyalty to the system which recognize minority rights and a way of life that has placed us among the greatest people of our race."[3]

Utah was destined to play a vital role in the United States war effort for a number of reasons. First, Utah's isolated mountain and desert location, seven hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean, gave it safety from any threat of Japanese attack. Given the surprise attack on the American naval fleet in Hawaii and the fear of attack or sabotage along the West Coast, inland security was of primary consideration among wartime planners.

Second, Utah's Wasatch Front was considered an excellent location for logistics support operations because it was far enough inland to be safe from potential enemy attacks and it was equidistant from the three major West Coast shipping points of Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Utah was well connected to all major Pacific Coast ports as well as strategic locations to the east by transcontinental railroads, highways, and an emerging national airway system.[4] The value of Utah's location was recognized after World War I when the War Department decided to store most of its unused munitions away from the Atlantic coast. Some 15 percent of the unused munitions were sent to a new depot known as the Ogden Arsenal while 25 percent were left on the eastern seaboard and 60 percent were sent to Savanna, Illinois.[5]

Third, the large areas of unoccupied federal land could be used for artillery and bombing training without threat to the civilian population. The large tracts of flat, open land along the Utah-Nevada border coupled with excellent weather conditions of little rain or snow and clear days, made the Wendover area an ideal location for flight and bombing training.

Fourth, Utah's treasure of natural resources including coal, copper, and iron ore, and the extractive industry for these resources could shift easily to wartime production demands. Fifth, Utahns were considered well-educated, intelligent, dedicated, and hard-working, all important qualities in

[3] Doris A. Paul, *The Navajo Code Talkers* (Philadelphia: Dorrance, 1973), 2-3. Approximately four hundred Navajo marines from Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah served in the Pacific Theater as "Code Talkers" during World War II.

[4] Roger D. Lauinius, "Utah in World War II," in *Utah History Encyclopedia,* ed. Allan Kent Powell (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1994), 645.

[5] Thomas G. Alexander, *Utah the Right Place: The Official Centennial History* (Salt Lake City: Gibbs Smith Publisher, 1995), 340.

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Soldiers at Fort Douglas relax during the 1943 Christmas season.

evaluating the potential work force. Sixth, Utah seemed as well prepared as any other location to absorb both military and civilian newcomers who came because of the war. Seventh, Utah's business and political leaders aggressively sought the establishment and expansion of military and industrial facilities critical to the war effort.[6] Consequently, where the federal government spent an average of $188 per capita nationally for new industrial plants, in Utah the amount was $534 per capita.[7]

Previously established military installations, including Fort Douglas founded in 1862 and the Ogden Arsenal established in 1921, took on expanded roles as part of the war effort. The Army's Ninth Service Command relocated from San Francisco to Fort Douglas shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor and the fort came to life as the military nerve center for Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, and Montana. For almost all Utahns as well as residents from surrounding states, Fort Douglas was their first and last experience with the army as the post served as a reception center for incoming soldiers and a separation center for those being discharged from military service.[8]

[6] Utah's Governor Herbert B. Maw successfully urged the state legislature in January 1941 to establish a Department of Publicity and Industrial Development to seek new war-related enterprises. John D. Christensen, "The Impact of World War II," in *Utah's History*, ed. Richard D. Poll, (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1978) 497-98.

[7] Alexander, *Utah the Right Place*, 345.

[8] A number of Utah communities have undertaken projects to record and collect the experiences of local veterans. These accounts and interviews are housed in local libraries and museums with duplicate copies of many of the oral history interviews available at the Utah State Historical Society. Statewide projects have been undertaken through the "Saving the Legacy: An Oral History of Utah's World War II Veterans," Project at the University of Utah's American West Center, and the "Saints at War" Project at

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Utahns crowd in front of the Salt Lake Tribune Building on June 6, 1944, to receive the latest word on the allied invasion at Normandy.

Thirteen new military and naval installations—including Hill Field, the Tooele Army Depot, Clearfield Naval Supply Depot, the Utah General Depot, the Kearns Army Air Base, Wendover Air Base and the Dugway Proving Grounds—were established in the state.[9]

Industrial expansion leaped forward with the construction of the Geneva Steel Works in Orem and the accompanying expansion of iron and coal mining in the state. Construction of the works on the eastern shore of Utah Lake began in November 1941 and extended to December 1944 employing approximately 10,000 workers, many from surrounding towns and others from outside the county and state. Steel production began in February 1944 and in 1945 the facility employed 4,200 steel workers.[10]

Brigham Young University. Excerpts from more than two hundred accounts have been published in Robert C. Freeman and Dennis A. Wright, *Saints at War: Experiences of Latter-day Saints in World War II* (American Fork: Covenant Communications, 2001). Other World War II experiences of Utah veterans are included in Dennis Roy, Grant P. Skabelund, and Ray C. Hillam, eds. *A Time to Kill: Reflections on War* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990); and Allan Kent Powell, *Utah Remembers World War II* (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1991).

[9] For accounts of these installations see the following articles published in the *Utah Historical Quarterly* between 1963 and 1966. Leonard J. Arrington and Thomas G. Alexander "They Kept 'Em Rolling: the Tooele Army Depot, 1942-1962," 31 (Winter 1963): 3-25; Leonard J. Arrington and Archer L. Durham, "Anchors Aweigh in Utah: The U.S. Naval Supply Depot at Clearfield, 1942-1962," 31 (Spring 1963): 109-26; Leonard J. Arrington and Thomas G. Alexander, "World's Largest Military Reserve: Wendover Air Force Base, 1941-63," 31 (Fall 1963): 324-35; Leonard J. Arrington and Thomas G. Alexander, "Sentinels on the Desert: The Dugway Proving Ground (1942-1963) and Deseret Chemical Depot (1942-1955)," 32 (Winter 1964): 32-43; Leonard J. Arrington and Thomas G. Alexander, "Supply Hub of the West: Defense Depot Ogden, 1941-1965," 32 (Spring 1964): 99-121; Leonard J. Arrington, Thomas G. Alexander, and Eugene A. Erb, Jr., "Ogden Air Materiel Area at Hill Air Force Base, 1938-1965," 33 (Winter 1965): 9-33; Thomas G. Alexander and Leonard J. Arrington, "Utah's First Line of Defense: The Utah National Guard and Camp W.G. Williams, 1926-1965," 33 (Spring 1965): 141-56; Thomas G. Alexander, "Ogden's 'Arsenal of Democracy,' 1920-1955," 33 (Summer 1965): 237-47; Thomas G. Alexander, "Brief Histories of Three Federal Military Installations in Utah: Kearns Army Air Base, Hurricane Mesa, and Green River Test Complex," 34 (Spring 1966): 121-37.

[10] Christensen, "The Impact of World War II," 502.

Utah was well represented as the opening act of World War II for the United States played out in the usually tranquil waters of Hawaii's Pearl Harbor. Jack Mead, who joined the navy in December 1937 during his senior year at Jordan High School, was on board the USS *Farragut* when the attack occurred. Before the ship was able to fight its way through the channel and out of Pearl Harbor, Mead witnessed first hand the horrors of the attack: "I saw the last big explosion of the *Arizona* and it was like a tin can exploding just one big explosion, and it was so hard it made your nose and ears bleed. I saw all these poor guys trying to get out of that burning water. I saw guys running around trying to stuff their entrails back into their stomach. Men trying to run on their bloody stumps."[11]

Another Utahn, Walter Staff of Salt Lake City, was on board the USS *Oklahoma* when it was attacked and remained trapped in the submerged battleship for two days until freed by rescue crews. Staff was the last of thirty-two sailors to be rescued from the *Oklahoma* which carried a crew of 2,400 sailors of whom 450 died in the attack.[12]

Throughout Utah, news of the December 7, 1941, attack on Pearl Harbor spread quickly. Like other Americans, Utahns can still recall where they were and what they were doing when the news of the attack at Pearl Harbor reached them. Marie Cowley remembered she and her new husband Pete had attended church then gone riding with two other couples. They returned to prepare dinner and spend the evening playing cards and games. Pete, who had gone to his parent's home nearby to get the cards and games, sprinted back to the house insisting that they turn on the radio because, "We are at war." Marie and the others did not believe him complaining he was just making up a story to fool them. He insisted that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. "Everybody said, 'Where's Pearl Harbor?' We turned on the radio and sure enough we were at war."[13]

Monday December 8, 1941, was a day of fear, anger, and resolve. Russell Neiland, who joined the navy in May 1941, was assigned back to his hometown to the Salt Lake City Naval Recruiting Station. He recalled, "The next day after Pearl Harbor you couldn't get near the Federal Building for people wanting to come in and join. They were just swamped, and all of the armed forces were the same way."[14] Gloria Smith, a student in Payson remembered, "…the students sat in a half circle around a small table with an oval radio on it. I remember thinking of the possibility of being bombed and killed here, in Payson, as the people in Hawaii were. I was frightened and confused."[15]

[11] "Jack Mead," in Powell, *Utah Remembers World War II*, 8.
[12] "Walter Staff," Ibid., 3-6.
[13] "Marie Cowley," Ibid., 194.
[14] "Russell Neilan," Ibid., 13.
[15] Quoted in Richard Holzapfel, *A History of Utah County* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Utah County Commission, 1999), 236.

As precaution against saboteurs and spies, guards were assigned to watch industrial plants and railroad property. For a time, private planes were grounded and the broadcasting of local weather reports was halted because "such information was considered highly valuable in planning hostile aircraft action."[16]

As war engulfed Utah and the nation, religious leaders faced the dilemma of "renouncing war and proclaiming peace" while supporting the American war effort. The First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in its message on "The War," issued in early October 1942, called upon world leaders "...to bring this war to an end, honorable and just to all....The weeping mothers, the distraught and impoverished wives, the fatherless children of the world, demand that this be done. In this way only will enduring peace come; it will never be imposed by armed force." But the proclamation also "...condemn[ed] the outcome which wicked and designing men are now planning, namely; the worldwide establishment and perpetuation of some form of Communism on the one side, or of some form of Nazism or Fascism on the other."[17]

Although 2,400 Americans lost their lives during the attack on Pearl Harbor and severe damage to the American Pacific Fleet occurred, no invasion followed. Instead Japanese forces landed in the Philippine Islands on December 8, 1941.

Thomas R. Harrison, who received his commission as a second lieutenant in the United States Army during the June 1941 University of Utah commencement ceremonies, arrived in the Philippines in August 1941. Harrison survived the infamous Bataan Death March that American soldiers endured after the general surrender on April 9, 1942. As he saw comrades die at the hands of their Japanese captors or from exhaustion, malnutrition, and sickness, Harrison faced the question of his own mortality and how he might survive what many considered a hopeless fate.

> …increasing numbers of men became so discouraged they were ready to quit fighting. I believed this appalling situation was temporary and began to figure out ways to survive. It was clear that some of those who were giving up were looking far into the future and could see no surcease from their present agony, hence there was no good reason for continuing. I decided that I would keep my own objectives much closer and live from moment to moment or day to day. I would make the next step or the next hundred meters, try for the top of the rise in the near distance, but not worry about tomorrow or next month or next year. The next year represented an almost unachievable goal, but the next step did not. I could do that….Emphasis on short-range targets became basic to my survival plan, and I used it for the remainder of my years as a POW.[18]

The task of defeating Japan in the vastness of the Pacific was daunting.

[16] Ibid., 237.

[17] *The Deseret News,* October 3, 1942.

[18] Thomas R. Harrison, *Survivor: Memoir of Defeat and Captivity: Bataan, 1942* (Salt Lake City: Western Epics, 1989), 103-104. For another excellent account of the Philippine surrender and prisoner of war experience see Gene S. Jacobsen, *We Refused to Die: My Time as a Prisoner of War in Bataan and Japan, 1942-1945* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 2004).

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In August 1943 civilians contribute to the war effort through their work in one of Utah's many Victory Gardens.

Dale E. Winn, a soldier from Tooele County, reflected on the letters he received full of good cheer and predicting that before long the war would be over and he would be coming home.

> We wonder whether or not the people back home have ever looked at a map of the South Pacific. Those shaded areas that extend for thousands of miles north and west of Australia belong now to the Japs, not to us. That little hump of Allied domination that arches up through New Guinea and spreads out thinly into the Solomons and nicks the shoreline of New Britain represents the achievements of more than two years of war. It represents terrific soul-shattering hardships in some of the world's most inhospitable regions. It represents animal-like life and death in stinking mud- and water-filled foxholes. And it represents the devastating fevers of recurring malaria, the strength sapping ravages of dysentery, and the ugly infections of tropical ulcers along every mile of the advance. No, the war won't be over very soon. The Japs will insist that we win it first.[19]

Each Japanese held island was fraught with deadly danger. Don Bush, also from Tooele County, recounted one Pacific island invasion:

> We were up about 3 a.m. to get ready. We ate (they always fed everyone before the battle started, as good a meal as they could manage, as no one knew when we would get to eat again, and for some it would be their last meal). We also checked gear, radios, carbines, ammunition, rations, clothing, etc., and went over any last-minute instructions. We were always plenty early and had to wait around, but we wouldn't have been sleeping anyway….I had my last letters written just in case, and had prayed a little longer than usual for my loved ones at home and for the guys I was with. There wasn't any joking or clowning around at this time.
>
> Finally, it was our turn to go over the side and scramble down the landing nets into the small boats. This is quite a feat in itself. The ship is rolling with the pitch and toss of the waves, and the small boats are bouncing all over the place. The net you climb down is banging against the side of the ship and then swinging out as the ship rolls the other

[19] Dale E. Winn, "Suntan & Fatigue: Life in 167 Field Artillery Battalion, 4lst Infantry Divi*sion,*" 70-71, copy in the Utah State Historical Society Library.

> way, and there are guys around you trying to climb down also. You soon learn not to hold on to the horizontal strands of the net as you go down because some guy above will mash your hand as he steps where you are holding. So you hold on to the vertical strands. With all the gear you are carrying, if you were to fall or get knocked off, you would sink out of sight in the ocean before you could unload it. This happened more than once in the predawn darkness, and some men were lost. It was always good to get into the boat.[20]

There was no island in the Pacific Theatre on which the fighting was more severe or brutal than Iwo Jima. George Platis, in a letter to his parents living in Price, noted that the Japanese had held Iwo Jima since 1891 and over a period of fifty years had built a series of fortifications and tunnels making it the "Gibraltar of the Pacific." He sized up the task to take the island in his letter, "To knock out all of those fortifications with air and naval power is impossible, and only the men who go onto the island can wipe them out, and then only with long and bitter fighting." [21]

George Wahlen of Ogden joined the navy at age eighteen, was trained as a corpsman, and landed with the Fifth Marine Division on Iwo Jima February 19, 1945. For his bravery and valor during the fighting on Iwo Jima, Wahlen was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.[22]

Utahns fought in North Africa and throughout Europe. A number of young Utah skiers were attracted to the Tenth Mountain Division, which underwent intensive ski training for the anticipated mountain warfare in Italy and Germany. Before the creation of the Tenth Mountain Division, the army sent paratroopers from Fort Benning, Georgia, to Fort Douglas where local ski instructors, including Dick Nebeker, tried to make skiers of paratroopers. At Alta in Little Cottonwood Canyon they were taught the snowplow technique and were instructed if they could not stop to fall to the rear on their hip. Nebeker recalled: "It was horrifying to watch them pick up too much speed snowplowing down the steepest part of the face underneath the Collins lift then revert to their jump training and try and grab their knees and roll forward instead of taking the spill to the rear."[23]

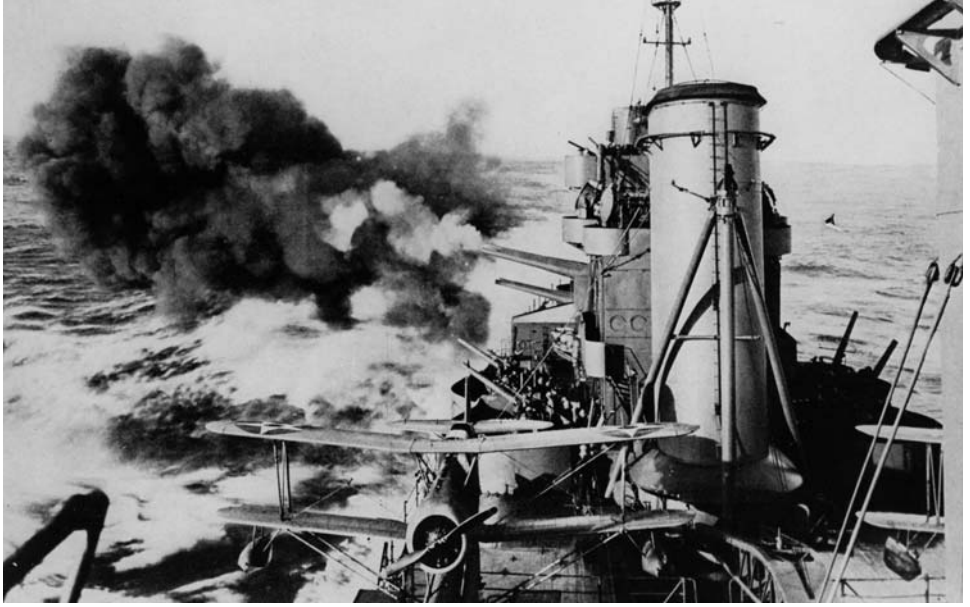
Later, the army decided it would be more practical to make soldiers out of skiers rather than skiers out of soldiers. By this time Nebeker had been drafted and when the opportunity presented itself to join the ski troops training at Camp Hale, Colorado, rather than the infantry in Kansas or Texas, it was an easy choice for the avid skier. On his first patrol in Italy, he and his fellow skier-soldiers of the Tenth Mountain Division tried to creep and crawl after encountering the enemy, but found, "The tails of our skis made a give away noise, like dragging a stick along a picket fence….I remember laying my skis carefully down by a rock wall where I thought I'd

[20] Don E. Bush, *Ten Who Were One: The True Story of 10 Teenagers in World War II,* (Salt Lake City: Hawkes Publishing, 1995), 61-63.

[21] "George Platis," in Powell, *Utah Remembers World War II*, 71.

[22] "George Wahlen," Ibid., 75-80.

[23] "Dick Nebeker," Ibid., 60-61.



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The main battery of the cruiser USS **Salt Lake City** *fires at Wake Island in the Pacific on February 24, 1942.*

retrieve them later….I never did find that pair of skis and never worried about it. We never fought on skis again."[24]

Another member of the Tenth Mountain Division, Rocco C. Siciliano a 2nd Lieutenant from Salt Lake City, wrote of his experience in Italy:

> …April 14 was the day I should have been killed….We were in a ravine, trying to advance, when we heard the shell that was meant for us coming in. We all hit the ground simultaneously….I heard and *felt* a "whump." I looked up and the shell had landed within an arm's length, about half of it in the earth. I could see it. I could reach it. It didn't go off. I said, "My God," and I jumped up and ran down the gully. We all did. We were not waiting around to see if it exploded. Right away, I began to wonder what it meant. I've often thought about that. I've thought about it a thousand times. Is there a selection process here?…The shell that didn't go off—that gave me a certain confidence that maybe it wasn't my time yet. And you keep waiting and wondering, because people all around you are getting hurt or killed.[25]

While Utah soldiers fought in the valleys and mountains of Italy, on the beaches and through the hedgerows of Normandy then on to Paris, then to the German border itself, and in the island hopping campaign in the Pacific, other Utahns served in the army air corps and navy. Airmen experienced their own version of the horror and dangers of war in the skies above France and Germany and over the Pacific. Alden P. Rigby, a native of Fairview in Sanpete County, became an ace fighter pilot winning the Silver Star for shooting down three German planes during the Battle of the Bulge.[26]

For Grant Douglas Johnson, a native of Tropic in Garfield County and a member of a B-17 crew stationed in England, one mission over Berlin was especially tragic. He saw five airplanes shot out of the sky. "That night there were six men left in our barracks out of the sixty who left that morning."[27]

One who did survive was Spencer P. Felt of Salt Lake City. Flying out of Cerignola, Italy, to bomb an oil refinery just east of the Auschwitz concen-

[24] Ibid., 66.

[25] Rocco C. Siciliano, *Walking on Sand: The Story of an Immigrant Son and the Forgotten Art of Public Service* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 2004), 81-82.

[26] "Alden P. Rigby," in Powell, *Utah Remembers World War II*, 85-88.

[27] "Grant Douglas Johnson," Ibid., 110.

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An overview of Fort Douglas taken shortly after World War II.

tration camp, Felt's B-24 bomber was hit by antiaircraft flack and the ten-man crew was forced to bail out over German held territory. Rescued by Polish resistance fighters, the Americans were sent across to the Russian lines and after an arduous three month trip through Poland to Kiev then south to Odessa on the Black Sea and by ship to Istanbul and finally Egypt, Felt and his companions were turned over to American officials and returned to their home base in Italy.[28]

While thousands of American families lost loved ones in the war, no family sacrificed more than the Alben Borgstrom family of Thatcher in Box Elder County. Five sons, including a pair of twins, enlisted in the armed services and four were killed in action. LeRoy, the oldest, was killed in Italy. Clyde, the second oldest, died on Guadalcanal. Rulon, one of the twins, was killed in France, while Rolon, the other twin and airplane tail gunner, was wounded during a mission and died of injuries in England. After the death of the four sons in a six-month period between March and September 1944, the Borgstroms requested that their last son, Boyd, who had been a Marine for three and a half years and had fought in the Pacific, be allowed to return home. The requested was granted.[29]

Utah women also served in the military and made important contributions as nurses and in other non-combat assignments. Helen Kennedy of Randolph, Rich County, joined the army nurse corps after three of her brothers left for military service. She was sent to a hospital in England where she was made chief nurse with responsibilities for the care of thirty ill and injured soldiers. She related her wartime experience with the wounded.

[28] Spencer P. Felt, Jr., Ibid., 89-93.

[29] Frederick M. Huchel, *A History of Box Elder County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Box Elder County Commission, 1999), 272-73.

> Our patients came directly to us after receiving first-aid or emergency care from a field unit at the front. When a new group arrived, it meant working around the clock doing baths, surgery, caring for burns and broken bones, or when we failed, helping soldiers die. When we were too tired to function, we were given a couple of hours off for sleep and then back to the wards to care for the injured…. But when tired beyond belief and in the darkness of our tent, I've shed many, many tears over the futility of war and the senselessness waste of these young men.[30]

Back in the United States the WASPs—Women Army Service Pilots—was organized to train women pilots to ferry bombers, fighters, and transport aircraft from the airplane factories to the air bases around the United States. June Lloyd Stephens, who took private flying lessons at the Salt Lake Airport and worked at the United Airlines desk in the Hotel Utah, was selected for the program and assigned to Sweetwater, Texas. The training was difficult and dangerous and thirty-eight women lost their lives while serving as WASPs. Stephens recalled one near fatal day during her training when the fuel line on her plane broke and sprayed oil all over the windshield. She returned to the airfield and landed the plane receiving high praise from her instructor.[31]

Before the war was over, more than 10 percent of the state's population saw military service. In June 19, 1945, the number of Utahns in uniform was 62,107, of whom 1,343 were women. Under the Selective Service Act of 1940, 127,602 Utah men between the ages of 18 and 37 registered for the draft by July 1945. Between October 1, 1940, and June 30, 1946, 41,950 men were inducted into the service and another 29,222 enlisted. Of the 3,660 who died during the war, 1,450 were killed in action.[32]

The war affected life in Utah in many ways. The popular Saltair resort closed from 1943 to 1945 because of rationing and other shortages. Salt Lake City transportation officials also eliminated unnecessary trolley stops and traffic signals in order to save gasoline.[33] Gas ration cards meant that car owners were limited to less than three thousand miles a year while war workers, doctors and farmers could obtain coupons good for up to five thousand miles a year.[34]

County fairs were cancelled and baseball leagues discontinued during the war. Even Utah's traditional deer hunt was impacted by the war as ammunition was rationed and could only be purchased with adequate coupons.[35] The lack of men on college campuses led to innovative ways to

[30] "Helen Kennedy Cornia," in Powell, *Utah Remembers World War II*, 152-53.

[31] "June Lloyd Stevens," Ibid., 149.

[32] Christensen, "The Impact of World War II," 509.

[33] Linda Sillitoe, *A History of Salt Lake County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Salt Lake County Commission, 1996), 188-89.

[34] Robert S. McPherson, *A History of San Juan County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and San Juan County Commission, 1995), 336.

[35] Richard C. Roberts and Richard W. Sadler, *A History of Weber County,*(Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Weber County Commission, 1997), 264; John D. Barton, *A History of Duchesne County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Duchesne County Commission, 1998), 273, and Jessie L. Embry, *A History of Wasatch County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Wasatch County Commission, 1996), 199.

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One of the many backyard victory gardens planted in Salt Lake City during the summer of 1944. This is the Jack Mole residence at 365 North 1100 West.

cope with the problem. At Weber State College in Ogden students sponsored a highly successful but unusual "Polygamist Prance," "…where the women students asked men students for a date and the men could accept as many dates as each could 'haul' to the dance and entertain."[36] A co-ed at Brigham Young University "…suggested a system for rationing dates similar to the national program for rationing gasoline."[37]

The problem of gas rationing is illustrated in the story of Russell Talbot of Panguitch who suffered an appendicitis attack. When the local doctor, Sims E. Duggins, determined that Talbot needed to be transported seventy miles to Cedar City for emergency surgery, a crisis developed. Dr. Duggins "…had used all his gas-ration stamps and the Talbot's did not own a vehicle. In desperation, Memphis Talbot went through the town to gather stamps to fill Duggin's gas tank, and the three of them finally took off for Cedar City for his emergency surgery."[38]

Doctors were scarce in rural Utah. Until Sims Duggins moved to Panguitch shortly before the war ended, residents of south and central Utah had to travel from eighty to one hundred and fifty miles to see doctors in either Richfield or Kanab.[39] When a draft notice threatened to take the only doctor available to the five thousand residents of remote San Juan County, a petition with 1,400 signatures was sent to Washington in a successful initiative to keep Dr. Wesley L. Bayles in the county.[40]

In Utah's communities a "war mentality" prevailed. Even physical fitness was seen to contribute to the war effort. When the Wasatch School District

[36] Richard W. Sadler, ed., *Weber State College…A Centennial History* (Salt Lake City: Publishers Press, 1988), 98.

[37] Ernest L. Wilkinson, ed., *Brigham Young University: The First One Hundred Years*, Vol. 2 (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1975), 342.

[38] Linda King Newell, *A History of Garfield County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Garfield County Commission, 1998), 312.

[39] Ibid.

[40] McPherson, *A History of San Juan County*, 276.

offered a ladies gym class on Wednesday afternoons to give homemakers the opportunity for exercise, the *Wasatch Wave*, in support of the endeavor, proclaimed, "At this time it is every patriotic citizen's duty to build and maintain the highest degree of physical fitness."[41]

Children participated in collection drives and war bond drives. During newsreels at the movies, "…we would all yell and jeer at the Japanese and Nazis and clap and cheer wildly when a Kamikaze plane was brought down."[42]

Jack Douglas Barton was undoubtedly one of those who cheered during such newsreels. In 1943 his parents moved from their Uintah Basin ranch to the Salt Lake Valley where his father worked in a meat-packing house and his mother at the Remington Small Arms plant. With both parents working swing shifts, the younger Barton was left alone in the evenings. "I remember a friend and I went to an all-night movie house, and for ten cents we got in and stayed 'till one in the morning. I saw a double feature, a newsreel, and a cartoon."[43]

Barton and other children made contributions to the war effort collecting tin cans, newspapers, and milkweed pods. He also recalled:

> …officials coming into our classrooms and questioning the kids about who knew how to raise a garden. Having grown up on the ranch where we raised nearly everything we ate, I considered myself quite expert on the subject. When I told them that I knew how to garden, they let me out of school for part of each day to be a foreman and teach people to plant gardens…. We had fourth, fifth, and sixth graders all working on the gardens. I told the other kids what to do. Anybody who had any room at all was encouraged to grow vegetables: carrots, radishes, onions, tomatoes, and corn.[44]

School children were also used to work in the sugar beet fields under the supervision of teachers and transported to the fields in school buses. In some locations school officials opted to hold Saturday classes in March and April so that school would end on April 30 and the students could assist with spring planting.[45]

The shortage of men on farms and ranches meant that women had to do the work formerly done by husbands and brothers. There were undoubtedly many rural women, like Gwen Seely of Wayne County, who "…remembered having to take two of her younger children with her on the tractor when she went out to bail hay."[46]

In many rural counties the number and size of farms increased significantly during the war. In Millard County, for example, the number of acres

[41] Quoted in Embry, *A History of Wasatch County*, 201.

[42] Quoted in Holzapfel, *A History of Utah County*, 238.

[43] "Jack Douglas Barton," in Powell, *Utah Remembers World War II*, 138-39.

[44] Ibid., 139.

[45] Sadler and Roberts, *A History of Weber County*, 265; and Seegmiller, *A History of Iron County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Iron County Commission, 1998), 133.

[46] Murphy, *A History of Wayne County,* (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Wayne County Commission, 1999), 304.

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ABOVE: *At Utah military installations, women workers repaired airplanes, tanks and other vehicles damaged in battle.* **RIGHT:** *During the war women performed many jobs formerly done only by men. Here they switch tracks for an ore train.*

farmed increased from 287,000 acres in 1940 to more than 458,000 acres in 1945 while the size of farms increased as well from nearly 300 acres in 1940 to about 450 acres in 1945.[47]

The establishment of a parachute factory in Manti significantly impacted the employment condition in Sanpete County. Officials contacted local officials asking for the names of women between the ages of eighteen and forty who might fill one of the 350 new jobs. Women worked forty-eight hours a week with two shifts—one from 6:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. and the other 2:45 to 11:15 p.m, six days a week.[48]

Many young women from rural Utah left their towns and farms for work at one of the defense installations along the Wasatch Front. The percentage of women in the work force leaped from 17.6 percent in 1940 to 36.8 percent by 1944.[49] Dorothy Lemon was one of an estimated 24,000 women who took advantage of employment opportunities in local war industries. Lemon, a thirty-eight year old mother of three, started out working at the Remington Small Arms Factory for fifty-one cents an hour and when the plant closed she was earning eighty-four cents an hour—a

[47] Edward Leo Lyman and Linda King Newell, *A History of Millard County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Millard County Commission, 1999), 319.

[48] Albert C. T. Antrei and Allen D. Roberts, *A History of Sanpete County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Sanpete County Commission, 1999), 267-68.

[49] Antonette Chambers Noble, "Utah's Rosies: Women in the Utah War Industries During World War II," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 59 (Spring 1991): 126.

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good wage for women at the time, but still less than the amount paid to men for the same work.[50] Other women, like Julia Platt Lutz, fit the "Rosie the Riveter" model to a "T." After graduating from Weber High School in May 1942, she was trained as a sheet metal worker at Weber State College and then given a job at Hill Field. She recalled her war work:

> We were working in three shifts—we had six weeks of days, swing, and graveyard. In the sheet-metal shop we were making lots of repairs and big parts. When they finally got hangars 3 and 4 they started the B-24 line. Here they repaired B-24s that had been in battle in Africa, fighting the German commander Rommel. Some were full of bullet holes, and that section was a busy place. Planes were brought in and washed and stripped, and we had to keep one plane ready to move every twenty-four hours, to keep up with our schedule. The planes were disinfected, and sometimes we had to follow the plane down the assembly line. We had tool boxes on wheels that we called "our baby buggies" that we kept with us as we patched the bullet holes.[51]

Work could be physically, mentally, and emotionally demanding. Margaret Atwood Herbert graduated from Pleasant Grove High School in 1941, attended LDS Business College in Salt Lake City, and took a job at the army's Bushnell Hospital in Brigham City as secretary to five doctors. Reflecting on her services she recalled:

> Every morning I would go on ward rounds with the doctor and take progress notes. After I finished transcribing my notes, one of the jobs that I was assigned was to write letters and talk with the soldiers. I had this one friend who was a quadro-amputee. He was a football player from the Seattle area, and here he was at Bushnell with no arms or legs. The psychological damage it did to him was a big problem. They were all so young.

[50] "Dorothy Lemmon," in Powell, *Utah Remembers World War II*, 159.
[51] "Julia Platt Lutz," Ibid., 164.

> I remember being sent down to the physical therapy room several times to observe and take notes on how the patients were progressing. After they had reamps they had to be fitted with prosthesis. Now, today, when you look at prosthesis there is a world of difference from those of WW II vintage. Plastic had not been developed to any extent, and they were very heavy. The prosthesis would not fit well and would cause blisters. You'd watch them stumbling, falling, and pounding their fists on the floor and crying.[52]

The patients at Bushnell had much support from the citizens of Brigham City who helped find places for family members to stay who came to visit and, in the case of the Knudson family—owners of the Idle Isle Restaurant, offered a free steak dinner to patients who walked through the front door with their artificial legs for the first time.[53]

The Utah Minute Women were organized under the War Production Board of Utah to educate civilians about the importance of wartime conservation measures and to undertake salvage drives to collect everything from scrap metal, tin cans, rubber, waste paper, and cooking fat to nylon hosiery and other needed items. Utah was the first state to complete its Minute Women organization with a force of over eight thousand Minute Women and five thousand school age children recruited as "Paper Troopers." The importance of the Minute Women was made clear by Wilworth Walker, chairman of War Services for Salt Lake City, who warned in 1942: "War, if won, will be won by men on the front, if lost, will be lost on the homefront."[54]

Money was critical to the war effort and Utahns, like their fellow Americans, were expected to purchase their quota of war bonds during the drives that were held throughout the war. Communities, counties, and states competed with each other to see who would be the first to meet their quota and to reach the highest per capita bond subscriptions. Local war heroes, celebrities, and politicians including Vice President Harry S. Truman, Jack Dempsey, and the comedy team of Abbott and Costello among many others made appearances in Utah to promote the sale of war bonds.[55]

The Utah war effort was augmented by an unlikely source of help–enemy prisoners of war. More than eight thousand German and seven thousand Italian prisoners of war came to Utah between 1943 and 1945 where they labored and met Utahns in the warehouses and shops at Tooele Depot, Ogden Defense Depot, Clearfield Depot, Hill Field; in the wards at Bushnell Hospital; and on farms in Cache Valley, Box Elder and Weber Counties, Utah Valley, and Sanpete and Sevier Counties.[56]

[52] "Margaret Atwood Herbert," Ibid., 172-73.

[53] "Verabel Call Knudson," Ibid., 180.

[54] Quoted in Katie Clark Blakesley, "Save 'em, Wash 'em, Clean 'em, Squash 'em" The Story of the Salt Lake City Minute Women," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 71 (Winter 2003): 43.

[55] Murphy, *A History of Wayne County*, 303-4; Holzapfel, *A History of Utah County*, 255; Ronald G. Watt, *A History of Carbon County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Carbon County Commission, 1997,) 381; and Jessie L. Embry, "Fighting the Good Fight: The Utah Home Front During World War II," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 63 (Summer 1995): 264-65.

[56] Allan Kent Powell, *Splinters of a Nation: German Prisoners of War in Utah*, (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1989).

SHIPLER COLLECTION, UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This pile of scrap rubber at the Continental Oil Company building, photographed on June 19, 1942, was collected during the first six months of the war.

Like most of the rest of the country, Utah confronted questions of race and civil rights for the first time. While other questions arose relating to Native Americans and minority groups—many of whom came to the state as farm workers or miners, the two greatest challenges seem to involve the Japanese Americans and African Americans.

With the outbreak of war against Japan, several questions arose regarding the Japanese Americans who could be found in Utah's urban areas, its mining towns and camps, and even rural locations such as Box Elder County and Gunnison Valley. How would Japanese Americans already living in Utah be treated? How would Utahns respond to attempts to bring Japanese Americans into their communities? What would be the Utah experience with one of the ten relocation camps, the Topaz camp northwest of Delta, established by the federal government in the Western states to house the more than one hundred ten thousand Japanese Americans relocated from the West Coast of the United States under Executive Order 9066? And finally, what would be the Japanese Americans' contribution to the war effort?

Although the experience of Japanese Americans already in Utah varied from community to community and situation to situation, in general, it was one laced with suspicion, sometimes fear, and often hostility. For Sego Takita Matsumiya, who was enrolled in the nursing program at St. Mark's Hospital in Salt Lake City, the days following the attack on Pearl Harbor were filled with uncertainty and trauma. "I got spit on the bus. I heard people behind me say, 'They ought to send all Japs to the Pacific Ocean and drown them.'" When she tried to enlist in the army's nursing program the recruiting officer told her "...there is no place in the American Army for a Japanese nurse." But when she returned to the hospital she was reassured

that she was much needed in the hospital and there would always be a place for her there. In Carbon County, where Sego's father worked as a coal miner, the Japanese miners were not allowed in the mines out of fear that they would commit acts of sabotage. In addition, her father had his radio, .22 rifle, and camera confiscated, before he moved to a farm near Brigham City.[57]

The movement of Matsumiya and other Japanese Americans to Box Elder County led to efforts to prevent more Japanese from purchasing land and moving to the county.[58] When the threat loomed that Japanese Americans might move into the Kanab area, the *Kane County Standard* editorialized, "Kane county definitely did not want any of the yellow Japs migrated, settled or employed in its communities....With great respect we honor the heritage our fathers and our forefathers gave unto us, by the grace of God. Never, have the records shown that Kane county has ever had a Japanese resident."[59]

In Iron County Lowell H. Sherratt arranged for the relocation of ten Japanese families from the West Coast to his family-owned Page's Ranch located twenty-eight miles west of Cedar City. While the families were not welcome by everyone, "Ten-year-old Akiyoshi Iwata made friends among farm boys living nearby; he later said that he never felt rejection during the four war years his family lived in Iron County."[60] However in Utah County bullets were fired at the residences of Japanese Americans on at least two occasions and one fourteen-year old girl was struck. Five youths were arrested for shooting into the buildings and some citizens reminded others "...that the Japanese there were American citizens as we were." Under such volatile conditions Japanese Americans were careful and circumspect. Yukus Inouye, who owned a small farm on Highland Bench, recalled that he and other Japanese Americans did not mingle with each other. "We did not get together....We felt that any association with each other would raise suspicion." LDS Church President, Heber J. Grant, alarmed at the intolerance shown toward Japanese Americans reminded members of the Mormon church, "Americans who are loyal are good Americans whether their ancestors came from Great Britain or Japan....Let us, therefore, endeavor to banish these foolish prejudices from our natures and let us attempt to see that all good and loyal Americans are treated as such."[61]

The establishment of the Central Utah Relocation Center, later named

[57] "Sego Takita Matsumiya," in Powell, *Utah Remembers World War II*, 226.

[58] Huchel, *A History of Box Elder County*, 275.

[59] Martha Sonntag Bradley, *A History of Kane County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Kane County Commission, 1999), 247.

[60] Seegmiller, *A History of Iron County*, 132. Another group of fifteen Japanese American families from San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara located at Keetley in Wasatch County after Fred Isamu Wada leased 3,500 acres of land from local mining officials for eight thousand dollars. When local school officials did not secure funding for a separate school for the forty-one elementary and high school students, they were permitted to attend Wasatch County schools. Embry, *A History of Wasatch County*, 215-16.

[61] Quoted in Holzapfel, *A History of Utah County*, 238-40.

PEOPLES OF UTAH COLLECTION, UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Japaneses Americans depart train and board busses for the Topaz Relocation Camp during World War II.

the Topaz Relocation Center and located near Topaz Mountain about fifteen miles west of Delta, brought approximately eight thousand Japanese Americans from the San Francisco area to Utah. As early as January 1942, federal government officials met with Delta residents to discuss the possibility of locating the camp in Millard County. By June 1942 the camp was under construction and opened on September 11, 1942. It did not close until October 1945. In 1943 some residents were allowed to relocate to other areas in Utah to farm or do other work. A number of groups did leave Topaz for a farm labor camp in Utah County, some to work on a farm near Green River and on the Charles Redd Ranch at LaSal, others worked in the sugar beet fields, and one group was sent to mine coal at the Dog Valley Mine south of Emery.[62]

[62] Jane Beckwith, "Topaz War Relocation Center," in Allan Kent Powell, ed. *Utah History Encyclopedia,* 560-61. For accounts of Topaz internees working at various places in Utah see McPherson, *A History of San Juan County*, 336; Edward Geary, *A History of Emery County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Emery County Commission, 1996), 303; and Holzapfel, *A History of Utah County*, 238-40. For accounts of the Topaz War Relocation Camp and life there, see Sandra C. Taylor, *Jewel of the Desert: Japanese Internment at Topaz* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1993), and "Interned at Topaz: Age, Gender, and Family in the Relocation Experience," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 59 (Fall 1991): 380-94; Leonard J. Arrington, *The Price of Prejudice: The Japanese American Relocation Center in Utah during World War II* (Logan: Utah State University Faculty Association, 1962); Newell and Lyman, A *History of Millard County*, 321-27; Yoshiko Uchida, "Topaz City of Dust," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 48 (Summer 1980): 234-43; Wanda Robertson, "A Teacher for Topaz, Marian Robertson Wilson," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 69 (Spring 2001): 120-38.

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Celebration at Topaz welcoming in the New Year 1945.

In January 29, 1943, President Franklin D. Roosevelt announced that volunteers would be accepted in a Japanese American combat unit. One hundred five volunteers from Topaz served on active duty. Fifteen Japanese American soldiers from Topaz were killed during fighting in Italy and southern France. One, Thomas Tako, received the Silver Star for his valor.[63]

Not all eligible young men at Topaz volunteered for military service. Those who refused to indicate a willingness to serve in the armed forces if ordered to do so and swear "unqualified allegiance to the United States of America" were sent to Tule Lake, California.[64]

Jim Tazoi from Garland joined the Japanese American 442nd Regiment. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for his heroism during the fighting in France where he was shot in the chest–the bullet passing clear through his body to lodge in the radio that he was carrying on his back. Tazoi returned to the United States for treatment at Fitzsimmons Hospital in Denver. When his parents, who spoke no English, traveled from Box Elder County to Denver by train to see their son, their daughter prepared a set of cards with questions in Japanese on one side and English on the other that her parents could use to ask basic questions and directions.[65]

[63] Newell and Lyman, *A History of Millard County,* 315.

[64] Beckwith, "Topaz Relocation Center," 561. About fifty Japanese American internees labeled "trouble makers" by the federal government were housed in the former Civilian Conservation Corps Camp at Dalton Wells in Grand County from January 11 until April 23, 1943. Richard Firmage, *A History of Grand County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Grand County Commission, 1996), 293-94; and Bruce D. Louthan and Lloyd M. Pierson, "Moab Japanese-Isolation Center," *Canyon Legacy*, 19: 28.

[65] "Jim Tazoi," in Powell, *Utah Remembers World War II*, 230-32.

Another Box Elder County born Japanese American, Shoji Watanabe, served as an interpreter in the Philippines, where he interviewed hundreds of Japanese prisoners of war including General Tomoyuki Yamashita and General Massaharu Homma and two Japanese soldiers who had lived in Utah before the war.[66]

The African American population of Utah numbered only 1,235 in 1940. However, the war brought more than double that number to the state—mostly as soldiers, but some as defense and construction workers—so that the 1950 census recorded 2,729 African Americans living in Utah. When a group of African American workers from Denver, Colorado, arrived to assist in the construction of the Geneva Steel Mill, separate barracks were built for them. Dick Anderson, a local labor representative, recalled the difficult situation when one of them, a veteran of the war, showed him his battle wound then complained that "Two clerks walked away and left me standing" when he tried to purchase goods in a local store. With Utah county businessmen unwilling to remedy what Anderson and the African American workers saw as a grave injustice, "…a few courageous people set up a store at the old Geneva resort so these men could buy things."[67]

Emma Helwing, an Austrian Jew who, after a harrowing escape from Vienna in December 1938, landed in Salt Lake City in October 1940 and became active in the war effort through volunteer service at the Jewish Community Center, the Red Cross, and the USO. She recalled:

> …[I] became a perfect short-order cook, malted drinks mixer, and a skilled waitress. When a separate USO for colored personnel of the armed forces was formed, I preferred to work for them. I felt highly rewarded by the appreciation the boys and girls showed me for being attentive and polite to them. This was, as a matter of fact, the only place they could get meals. They often told me their woe about not being admitted to any restaurant in town. I felt ashamed and bewildered that such things happen in a democracy, which in my estimation should be a beacon of light and justice to the entire world.[68]

Myron Q. Hall, a young clerk at the Hotel Utah recalled the bitter irony of the hotel's segregation policy when, with vacant rooms available, he had no choice but to deny a room to a decorated black officer who had lost an arm in the war and oblige him to spend a long night on a seat in the hotel lobby.[69]

While Utah's soldiers and sailors faced grave danger on the battlefields and on board America's war ships, workers at home faced injury and death as well. In the 1940s there was no more dangerous occupation than that of a coal miner. During the years 1941 through 1945, 140 miners died in Utah's coal mines, most of them in Carbon County where 85 county

[66] "Shoji Watanabe," Ibid., 233-36.
[67] Quoted in Holzapfel, *A History of Utah County*, 246.
[68] "Emma Helwing," in Powell, *Utah Remembers World War II*, 206-7.
[69] Sillitoe, *A History of Salt Lake County,* 193.

SHIPLER COLLECTION, UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Salt Lake City celebrates V-J (Victory in Japan) Day on August 14, 1945.

residents died in war service during the same time period.[70] The number of dead coal miners was nearly 10 percent of the total of 1,450 Utahns killed in action during the same time period.

Like the rest of the nation, Utah celebrated the end of the war with enthusiasm and relief that the long ordeal was over. Nearly every community held some kind of spontaneous celebration. Many were similar. Residents learned of the event by radio broadcasts or when a siren began to sound. People embraced and kissed each other. High school bands formed up to march up and down Main Street, often leading a parade of horn honking cars and trucks. Some of the cars continued their honking throughout the day and into the evening with some dragging noise-making articles such as garbage cans behind them. Some cars carried effigies of Japanese rulers and leaders that were tossed into a huge bonfire later in the day. Street dances were held. Businesses closed. In Provo, Brigham Young University students lit the "V" part of the block "Y" on the mountain. One young woman remembered the a large celebration held at Payson Memorial Park. "I suppose there were many wonderful speeches made that day, but the things I remember the most were the songs that were sung: 'God Bless America' and 'The Star Spangled Banner.' I had chills going up and down my spine as I listened to these songs and saw people all around me crying tears of joy for the war's end."[71]

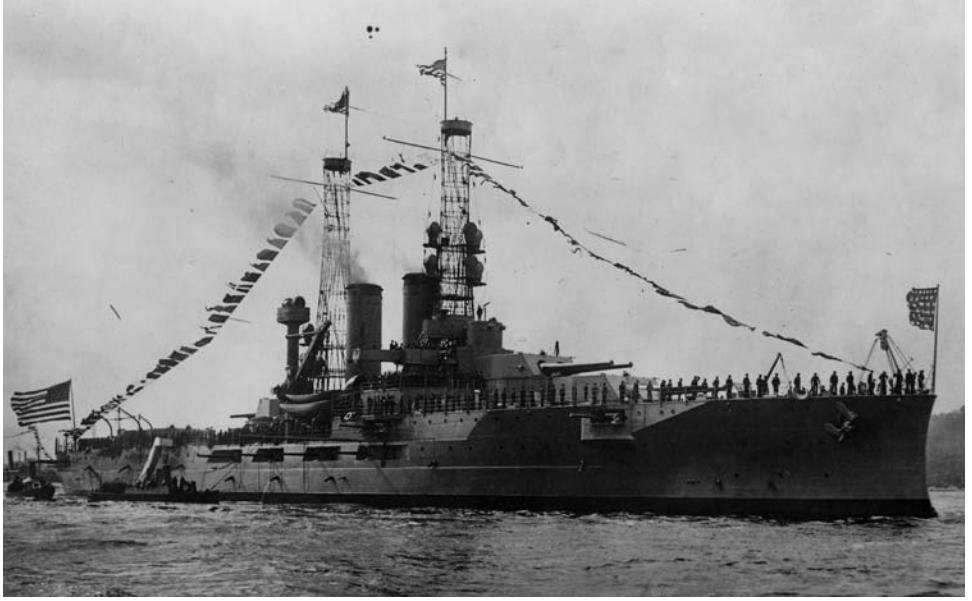
[70] Thursey Jessen Reynolds, comp., *Centennial Echoes From Carbon County* (Price, UT: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1948), 33.

[71] Quoted in Holzapfel, *A History of Utah County*, 257-58. See other accounts of community celebrations in Embry, *A History of Wasatch County*, 216-17; Sadler and Roberts, *A History of Weber County*, 298; Pearl D. Wilson, *A History of Juab County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Juab County Commission, 1999), 236-37.

After 1945, Utah would never be the same place it was before December 7, 1941. The war experience had affected men, women, children, families, and communities in incalculable ways. Some rural counties experienced significant losses in population because of military service and wartime work. For example in Wasatch County, Heber City lost 7 percent of its population while Midway lost 4 percent. In Rich County, the population declined from a high of 2,028 in 1940 to 1,673 in 1950. The population of Duchesne County dropped 9 percent from 8,948 to 8,134 while Garfield County suffered a more than 20 percent decline between 1940 and 1950. In contrast, the population of Salt Lake City grew from 211,623 in 1940 to 274,895 in 1950.[72]

The defense industry expanded during the war to become a pillar of the state's economy. The educational benefits offered through the G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the opportunity to earn college degrees and with them the potential to move into high paying jobs not only in Utah, but around the country. The influx of veterans necessitated the expansion of Utah's colleges and universities providing the faculty and buildings for subsequent generations to enjoy easy access to and strong encouragement for higher education. In the aftermath of the war, hundreds of refugees came to Utah from many nations of the world. Finally, the legacy of military service would echo during the rest of the twentieth century as new generations of Utahns fought in Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, and Afghanistan.

[72] Embry, *A History of Wasatch County*, 214; Robert E. Parson, *A History of Rich County*, (Salt Lake City: Utah State Historical Society and Rich County Commission, 1996), 293; Barton, *A History of Duchesne County*, 275; and Newell, *A History of Garfield County*, 308; and "Population," Utah History Encyclopedia, 433.



UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Pearl Harbor's Forgotten Hero: The Story of the USS *Utah*

By THOMAS O'BRIEN

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, left 2,403 Americans dead, 188 planes destroyed, and 8 battleships damaged or sunk. As legacies of that tragic day in world history, the hulls of two battleships—the USS *Arizona* and the USS *Utah*—remain in the waters of Pearl Harbor. The USS *Arizona* Memorial on the east side of Ford Island is the most visited World War II site in the Pacific. However, on the opposite side of Pearl Harbor's Ford Island, only a few visitors make their way to the memorial to the USS *Utah* where fifty-eight men lost their lives after the once proud battleship was hit by an aerial torpedo at 8:01 a.m. and capsized about ten minutes later. This paper will outline the history of the USS *Utah* and offer recollections of seamen on board the vessel when it and other ships were attacked at Pearl Harbor on what President Franklin D. Roosevelt called "a day that will live in infamy."

The construction of the *Utah* was part of an early twentieth century arms race that occurred at a time when global military supremacy was determined by control of the seas. The rise of the battleship as the super weapon of the world's navies had roots in the era of wooden vessels, but commenced in earnest with the combat between the USS *Monitor* and the *CSS Virginia (Merrimack)*, during the American Civil War. The negotiation for a naval base at Pago Pago, Samoa, in 1878 and the establishment of a United States naval base at Pearl Harbor in 1887 followed by the Spanish-American War in 1898 with the acquisition of the Philippine Islands and Puerto Rico all added impetus for the further development of the U.S. Navy and reflected the emergence of the United States as a global power. With the

The USS Utah at a naval review in New York Harbor, November 1911.

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opening of the Panama Canal in 1914, the U.S. Navy at last had strategic mobility—battleships could be transferred at a few days notice from one ocean to the other.[1]

The idea of building a fighting ship named *Utah* was first made public on May 29, 1903. During a visit to Salt Lake City, President Theodore Roosevelt delivered a speech that, among other things, included an appeal for a stronger navy. He believed the navy was vitally important to protect the country's interests in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. He made the point that a strong navy was not only important for those that lived along the coasts but equally important for "the man who lives in the Mississippi valley or beside the Rocky Mountains." Moments later, Utah Governor Heber M. Wells introduced Secretary of the Navy William H. Moody, who proposed to name a new battleship after the state. However, this offer did come with strings attached; Utah senators and congressmen were expected to support the appropriation to build five new battleships. The proclamation "awakened the wildest enthusiasm" in the huge crowd that had gathered at the Tabernacle.[2]

For six years the visit of President Roosevelt and the Secretary of the Navy's promises were all but forgotten. Then, late in May 1909, the Navy Department announced that one of the battleships approved the previous year would be named for the state of Utah. Already under construction at the New York Shipbuilding Company in Camden, New Jersey, the new warship, when finished, would be the largest dreadnought, or all-big-gun battleship, to be constructed at that time by the United States Navy.[3]

The hull of the *Utah* was laid down on March 9, 1909, at Camden and the ship launched on December 23, 1909, under the sponsorship of Miss Mary Alice Spry, the eighteen year-old daughter of Utah Governor William Spry. This event did not pass without controversy. Back in Utah, a group of non- Mormons came forward to charge that the launching of the *Utah* had been marked by religious overtones because the event had taken place on the 104th anniversary of the birth of Joseph Smith, founder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The controversy reappeared once again when the traditional silver service presented to the ship by the state included an engraving of Brigham Young on one of the pieces.[4]

The *Utah*, commissioned on August 31, 1911, was the thirty-first of fifty-eight battleships built for the U.S. Navy. The first battleship, the *Indiana*, was built in 1895 and the last, the *Wisconsin*, in 1944. Utah's neighboring states were also honored with battleships named for them—Idaho

[1] Antony Preston, *Battleships of World War I* (New York: Galahad Books, 1972), 24.

[2] *Salt Lake Tribune,* May 30, 1903.

[3] *Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships* (Washington, D.C.: Navy Department, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, Naval History Division, 1959-1981), 7: 431-24. Additional information about the USS *Utah* is available on the USS *Utah* Association's website: www.ussutah.org

[4] Michael Eldridge, "Silver Service for the Battleship Utah: A Naval Tradition under Governor Spry," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 46 (Summer 1978): 303.

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The USS **Utah** *under construction by the New York Shipbuilding Company in Camden, New Jersey, in 1909. The battleship was launched on December 23, 1909, when Mary Alice Spry, daughter of Utah Governor William Spry, christened the vessel with the traditional bottle of champagne and words "I christen thee Utah! God Speed!" to the cheers of thousands gathered for the event.*

in 1908 and 1919, Wyoming in 1912, Nevada in 1916, Arizona in 1916, New Mexico in 1918, and Colorado in 1923.

Battleships of the early twentieth century were direct descendants of two notable warships. The British Royal Navy's *Dreadnought* (derived from 'Fear God and dread naught'), completed in 1906 and the first "all-big-gun" (ten, 12-inch, 45 caliber) battleship revolutionized naval warfare by rendering obsolete all existing battle fleets of the world. Pre-dreadnoughts were generally armed with a mixture of weapons, including four to six heavy guns. The U.S. Navy's *Michigan*, launched in 1908, featuring a superior centerline mounted main battery, established a general arrangement that was eventually adopted for subsequent capital warship designs. The *Utah* was the second ship built of the "Florida class" of battleship.[5]

[5] William H. Garzke and Robert O. Dulin, *Battleships: United States Battleships, 1935-1992* (Annapolis, Maryland: Naval Institute Press, 1976), 2. The *Utah* and *Florida* belonged to a class of ships identified as the Florida class, which were improved ships of the Delaware class with three feet longer beams, nearly two tons larger, with rearranged smokestacks and masts (funnels between masts), and 5-inch .51 caliber secondary battery guns in place of the earlier 5-inch .50 caliber guns. Cost for building the *Utah* and others of the Florida class was approximately $6.5 million per ship. The *Utah* and *Florida* were the first United States battleships to have steam turbine propulsion and four propeller shafts. The *Utah* statistics were impressive for Dreadnought ships. She weighed 31,825 tons that drew approximately twenty-eight feet. Her overall length was 521 feet 6 inches with a beam of 88 feet 6 inches. By comparison, the USS *Arizona,* commissioned on October 17, 1916, measured 608 feet long with beam length of 97 feet. *Utah*'s power consisted of coal-fired Babcox and Wilcox type boilers with 28,000 horsepower Parson's direct-drive steam turbines driving four screws. The *Utah* was originally designed to have eight, 14-inch guns, but delays in supplying guns of a new type made this unfeasible. As a result, the *Utah* was fitted with five main gun turrets each armed with two 12-inch .45 caliber guns. Supplementing the main armament were sixteen 5-inch .51 caliber guns and two 21-inch submerged torpedo tubes. Steel armor plating 12-inches thick surrounded vital areas of the vessel. Like the British, American shipbuilders found the easiest way to keep abreast of their rivals in the dreadnought race was to duplicate and make improvements on previous ship architecture. See Preston, *Battleships of World War I*, 240-41; and Siegfried Breyer, *Battleships and Battle Cruisers, 1905-1970* (Garden City, NJ: Doubleday and Company, 1970), 199-200.

U.S. NAVAL HISTORICAL CENTER

In 1914 the USS Utah was deployed to Vera Cruz as part of the United States intervention in Mexico. In this photograph, sailors from the USS **Utah** *led by a boys school band march through the streets of Vera Cruz to seize the customs house and prevent the landing of a shipment of arms from Germany to Mexican president Victoriano Huerta.*

The crew of the USS *Utah* numbered 60 officers and 941 men. Top speed for the vessel was 20.75 knots. After a shakedown cruise in the Atlantic and a cruise to Europe in 1913, the *Utah* saw her first major military action in the Vera Cruz incident a year later.

Before World War I, the United States policy toward Mexico was to keep its southern neighbor politically stable, militarily weak, economically dependent, and free of entanglements with any of the great powers of Europe. This foreign policy appeared threatened in 1910 when long time Mexican leader Porfirio Diaz was overthrown by a liberal coalition led by Francisco Madero. However, his extreme reforms alienated many supporters some of whom backed a countercoup by General Victoriano Heurta, who shot Madero and seized power. Within weeks, an armed insurgency rose up against Heurta's dictatorship. President Wilson believed Huerta's politics to be immoral and considered his regime to be illegitimate.

Huerta retaliated by harassing and imprisoning a number of American nationals, and Wilson moved toward armed intervention. In October 1913, Wilson ordered Rear Admiral Frank Friday Fletcher to send a battleship division from the Atlantic Fleet and establish a presence in the Gulf of Mexico from Vera Cruz to Tampico, where Mexico's important oil industry was concentrated and where most American nationals resided. Among the battleships deployed were the *Connecticut, Minnesota, Florida,* and the *Utah*.

The Tampico incident led to the occupation of Vera Cruz. On April 9,

1914, eight American members of a shore party were loading a whaleboat at quayside in Tampico, when they were arrested by Mexican troops at gunpoint and held for a short time before being released. Given the tense situation, foreign nationals were evacuated and on April 10, the *Utah* took 237 refugees aboard ship.

In the meantime American officials learned that the German steamer *Ypiranga* was en route to Vera Cruz carrying machine guns and ammunition destined for Heurta's army. Americans saw this as an attempt by Germany to establish a base of operations in North America.

The *Utah* received orders to search for the *Ypiranga*, but when it appeared that the arms shipment had already landed, *Utah's* orders were changed and troops were assigned to land at Vera Cruz, seize the customs house and not permit the war supplies to be delivered. Plans were drawn up for a landing to commence on April 21, 1914. The *Utah* landed a force of 17 officers and 367 sailors, under the command of Lt. Guy W. S. Castle. In addition, the *Utah's* Marine detachment joined with the Marine detachments from other American warships to form an improvised "First Marine Brigade." Nine Americans and hundreds of Mexicans died during three days of bitter fighting.[6] The *Utah* remained at Vera Cruz for almost two months before returning to the New York Navy Yard for overhaul.

Meanwhile, war clouds gathered across Europe and broke loose in August 1914, unleashing a torrent of death and destruction that would last until an armistice was finally signed on November 11, 1918.

From 1914 until the United States entry into World War I in April 1917, the *Utah* conducted battle practices and exercises off the eastern seaboard into the Caribbean in preparation for war. However, when war came, the United States battle fleet had a limited role. The main mission of American battleships was to help strengthen the British Fleet and protect Merchant Marine ships carrying oil, munitions, supplies, and men from attacks by German submarines. Accordingly, the battleships *Delaware, Florida, Arkansas,* and *New York* were ordered to join their British counterparts.

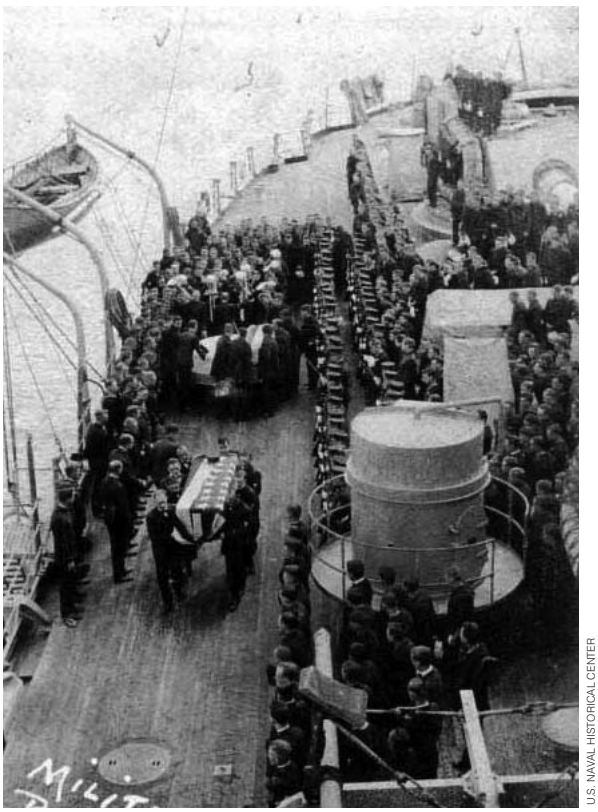
In the summer of 1918, reports reached London that German leaders were preparing to order the fast German battle cruisers to break out from the North Sea into the Atlantic to join the U-boat fleet in attacking American troop transport convoys and British shipping. Responding to this threat, an additional force of American dreadnoughts that included the *Utah, Nevada,* and *Oklahoma* sailed from Hampton Roads, Virginia, on August 30, 1918, under the command of Vice Admiral Henry T. Mayo, Commander and Chief of the Atlantic Fleet.[7] Ensign J.F. O'Hagan recalled

[6] Robert Love, *History of the U. S. Navy, 1775-1941* (Harrisburg, PA: Stackpole Books, 1992), 459-63. During the fighting, men of Utah's Bluejacket battalion distinguished themselves, seven earning the Medal of Honor: Lt. Guy W. S. Castle, company commanders Ensign Oscar C. Badger and Ensign Paul F. Foster; section leaders, Chief Turret Captains Niels Drustrup and Abraham Desomer; Chief Gunner George Bradley; and Boatswain's Mate Henry N. Nickerson.

[7] Norman Friedman, *U. S. Battleships: An Illustrated Design History* (Annapolis, Maryland: Naval Institute Press, 1985), 170-72; Love, *History of the U. S. Navy,* 504-5.

the difficult voyage across the Atlantic:

> It was an eleven-day journey through mountainous seas and terrific gales. Whale boats were carried away; the Admiral's barge, the Captain's gig, motor sailors and steam launches were punctured and wrecked in their skids; a large quantity of flour was ruined; 100 steel drums of gasoline were washed over the stern; water was shipped and found its way to fire and engine rooms; the ship seemed to be submerged much of the time; she was tossed about like a chip.[8]



U.S. NAVAL HISTORICAL CENTER

USS Utah victims of the flu epidemic are buried at sea October 1918.

The *Utah* arrived in Bantry Bay, Ireland, on September 10, 1918, and became the flagship of Rear Admiral Thomas S. Rodgers, Commander of Battleship Division 6. *Utah's* primary mission involved protecting convoys, and watching for any German cruisers that might elude the Allied blockade of the North Sea and enter the Atlantic.

One enemy that sailors on board the *Utah* were unable to avoid was influenza. The pandemic that took countless lives throughout the world struck the *Utah* in mid October 1918. William Rumpeltes, a sailor on the *Utah,* wrote of the severity of the epidemic.

> Oct. 16. The Sick Bay is full with sick men and are using the reading room it being Spanish Flu.
> Oct. 17 There are about 130 in sick bay now with influenza
> Oct. 19 I had the chills all day and a burning headache. It was a touch of Spanish Influenza but I pulled through without going to dispensary but while on watch 8 to 12 pm thought I would never stand it I was so bad.
> Oct. 20 Still had a heavy fever and during the night had a worse fever dreaming and fussing around in hammock.
> Oct. 22. Stayed on top deck most of the day. Still had a bad throat ache and cold and feeling weak.

[8] J. F. O' Hagen, "The Part the U. S. S. Utah Played in the World War," Navy Subject File 1911-1927, Stack: 11W4 20/1/5, Box 1400, Folders 3 & 4 Desc. OS-US Naval Vessels "USS Utah," Record Group 45, National Archives, Washington, D. C.

Oct. 23. Nevada and Okla are loosing lives from influenza. We have about 150 sick.
Oct. 29. Another man died today from "Flu" makes five so far and sick bay still full.[9]

Following the cessation of hostilities on November 11, 1918, the *Utah* visited Portland, England, and later served as part of the honor escort for the *George Washington*, which carried President Woodrow Wilson to the harbor at Brest, France. Wilson continued his journey to Paris to attend the Peace Conference where on December 13, 1918, world leaders completed negotiations for the treaty that ended the Great War.

Leaving France on December 14, the *Utah* reached New York City on December 25, 1918, and the next day her crew participated in a victory celebration.

Rumpeltes recorded the arrival of the United States Fleet in a diary entry for December 26, 1918: "We came in order, first Arizona, Oklahoma, Nevada, Utah, Penna(Pennsylvania), New York, Texas, Arkansas, Wyo.(Wyoming), and Florida. We passed the Statue of Liberty and the Mayflower where Sec. Daniels reviewed us about 10 a.m. we firing 19 salutes and of all the whistling and decorating was wonderful."[10]

The *Utah* was awarded two World War One Victory Medals: one for service with the Atlantic Fleet, and one for service overseas with the Grand Fleet.

Following her service during World War I, the *Utah* operated along the east coast of the United States and in the Caribbean. During the years of 1921 and 1922, the *Utah* was assigned to European waters to "show the flag" at principal ports of Europe. Two years later November 1924 found the *Utah* sailing for South America on a diplomatic cruise carrying a special mission headed by General-of–the-Armies John J. Pershing and former Congressman F. C. Hicks. In 1925 the *Utah* was employed as a unit of the United States scouting fleet, and in 1928 she carried President-Elect Herbert Hoover on the homeward-bound leg of his South American tour.

However, the ship's days as a battleship were numbered. While the *Utah* escaped the 1922 Washington Naval Treaty on naval force reductions, it was the subsequent London Treaty of 1930 that resulted in the *Utah's* conversion to a mobile target ship.

The Washington Treaty was an attempt at arms control not unlike present day treaties that limit nuclear weapons, the only difference was the "super weapon" in question was the battleship. It came at a time when the

[9] William Matthew Rumpeltes, "World War I Diary of William Matthew Rumpeltes," copy provided to the USS *Utah* Association by Rumpletes' grandson, William Geist. A copy of the diary is available on the association's website: www.ussutah.org/1918_war_diary.htm For the effects of the 1918-19 influenza pandemic see Leonard J. Arrington, "The Influenza Epidemic of 1918-1919," and Robert S. McPherson, "The Influenza Epidemic of 1918: A Cultural Response," *Utah Historical Quarterly,* 58 (Spring 1990): 165-200.

[10] Ibid.

major powers were suffering from postwar financial depression. For the United States, the treaty resulted in the scrapping of many older battleships and the cancellation of future battleships. It left the United States Navy on equal footing with the British Royal Navy with both having numerical superiority over the Japanese Navy. A mandated ten-year moratorium on capital ship building followed.

U.S. NAVAL HISTORICAL CENTER

Gunnery practice on board the USS Utah in the early 1920s.

With the implementation of the London Treaty, not only were battleships further reduced but limitations were also placed on cruiser and destroyer construction. As a result, the United States had to give up the *Utah,* the *Florida*, and the *Wyoming*. Under provisions of the treaty three options could be followed: sinking the ships without possibility of salvage; disarmament by rendering engines, boilers, armor, and armament useless; or conversion for exclusive use as a target vessel.[11]

The *Florida* was soon scrapped, but the *Utah* was saved from a similar fate. Upon decommissioning, she was selected as an auxiliary mobile target ship, in place of the decommissioned battleship *North Dakota*. The *Wyoming* was converted into a training ship.[12]

The *Utah* was designated a miscellaneous auxiliary ship effective July 1, 1931. Her conversion took place at the Norfolk Navy Yard where she was stripped of her guns and converted to a radio controlled ship. She retained the appearance of a battleship, her empty turrets remained in place and her casements were merely covered over. The magazines and handling rooms were stripped. The ship still possessed the capability of gun remounts if needed. The *Utah* was re-commissioned on April 1, 1932, and set sail for training a week later.

As a radio-controlled, or "robot" ship, the *Utah* was a sophisticated, technological marvel of her day. Under remote command with the use of a gyro pilot to keep her on course, she could steam at varying rates of speed, alter course and lay smoke screens. She could maneuver as a ship would during battle. The *Utah* broke new ground in the field of remote control, groundwork eventually used for guided missiles and future space exploration.

[11] Bryer, *Battleships and Battle Cruisers,* 72-73.

[12] "Dummy C1.3—OS," Navy Subject File, 1911-1927, Stack: 11W4 20/1/5, Box 1400, Folders 3 & 4 Desc. OS-US Naval Vessels, "USS Utah," Record Group 45, National Archives.

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The rescue of the crew from the sinking schooner Margaret M. Wemyso in the mid-Atlantic, November 23, 1924.

During these years of service the ship's role was to duplicate the conditions of battle maneuvering that could test the skills of those who were being trained from air or sea. Planes from the carriers *Lexington, Saratoga*, and *Enterprise* practiced dropping inert bombs onto the *Utah*. Although the bombs did not explode, they did strike the ship with such velocity that they could penetrate steel decks. In an effort to prevent this, huge wooden timbers were placed on the ship's deck to absorb the impact and keep a record of "hits." Unfortunately, these same timbers proved deadly to many of the sailors when the ship rolled over and sank on December 7, 1941.

Surface vessels such as battleships, cruisers, and destroyers found the *Utah* useful in long-range firing exercises. Although they never fired directly at the ship, they did aim at target rafts towed by the ship. Submarines found the ship excellent training, because she responded like high-speed prey. Seaman Second Class "Cotton" Streeter described a typical training exercise involving the *Utah*.

> As I remember, the Utah towed a sled behind with a flag on it. The subs set the torpedo depth so as it would go underneath ship, and if the wake came up from the stern and the tow it was a hit, observers aboard ship estimated where the torpedo would have hit the ship. After the torpedo had run its course it surfaced and was retrieved [by Destroyers].[13]

In 1935 the *Utah* was involved in an amphibious training exercise at Hilo Bay, Hawaii. Later in the year, the *Utah* was converted into an antiair-

[13] "Submarine Target Ship Days," History of the USS *Utah* Part II, The Second Life of the USS *Utah* AG-16 www.ussutah.org/submarine_target_ship_days.htm Copy also on file at the Utah State Historical Society Library.

craft training ship for the Pacific Fleet. Trainees from the battleships *West Virginia, Colorado, New Mexico*, and *Oklahoma*, and the cruisers *New Orleans, Phoenix, Nashville*, and *Philadelphia* attended advance antiaircraft gunnery school on board the *Utah*.

Later the *Utah* was converted back to a target ship and on September 14,1941, the *Utah* set sail for Hawaii for the last time. The routine aboard a target ship was vastly different from other naval vessels. Reveille was at 0530 (5:30 a.m.), followed by breakfast at 0600. The day consisted of four bombing periods that began at 0800, ending at 2230(10:30 p.m.). It was a long sixteen and one-half hour day, with no overtime. Personnel in the conning tower, and other places with portholes or observation points could see some of the outside world. Most spent the day below decks with no sunlight and fresh air only through the ventilation system. Hours spent below listening to the thumps of "dummy" bombs striking the ship were followed by the dispatch of crews to the deck to inspect the accuracy of hits and to search for any possible damage to the ship or the protective timbers.[14]

The *Utah* returned to Pearl Harbor for the last time on Friday afternoon, December 5, and tied up at berth F-11, a spot normally used by aircraft carriers. The two aircraft carriers, the *USS Lexington* and the *USS Enterprise* were still at sea. The crew spent all day Friday and most of the day Saturday unfastening the timbers in preparation for moving the ship the following Monday to dry dock for off loading.

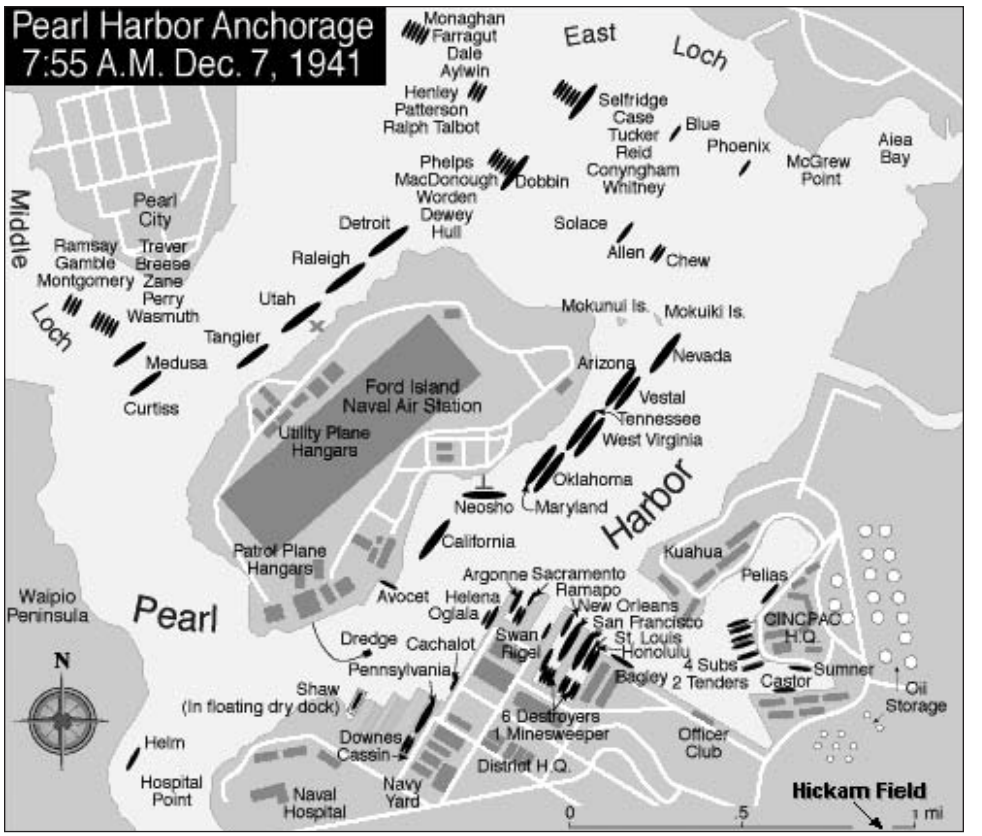
Lt. Commander Lindley Winser, communications officer, recorded the last day of training for the *Utah* in a letter dated Friday Night, Dec. 5th: "Well, it's over at least, and the old Utah has probably been smacked by her last bomb, as they don't expect to use us for that any more. Just what they will finally decide is still open to question, but the mission most likely will continue to be a school ship."[15]

The *Utah* was still "rigged" for service as a target ship, steel "dog houses" covered the ships' guns to protect them from damage as sunset fell over Pearl Harbor Saturday evening, December 6. She was still carrying some of the world's most advanced antiaircraft weaponry, which was stowed below deck leaving the ship without protection and any effective weapons.

The Japanese attack plans on Pearl Harbor identified three primary target areas where battleships or aircraft carriers could be docked: "Battleship Row"' located on the east side of Ford Island; the long 1010 dock at the Navy Yard; and the fixed moorings, known as "Carrier Row," on the western side of Ford Island. On the morning of December 7, the seaplane tender *Tangier*, the *Utah*, and the light cruisers *Raleigh*, and *Detroit* were berthed on the west side of the island. By force of luck, the aircraft carriers

[14] J. W. Warris, "USS Utah At Sea Plan of the Day for Tuesday the 14th of October 1941." www.ussutah.org/bombing.pod.htm and at the Utah State Historical Society Library.

[15] Lt. Commander Winser's letter and survivor story courtesy of Greg Winser, Utah State Historical Society Library.



U.S.S. UTAH ASSOCIATION

Map of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

and most of the heavy cruisers were at sea.

As the Japanese launched their attack, one of the first vessels struck was the *Utah*. Japanese flight commander Lt. Heita Matsamura had specifically ordered his men not to waste their torpedoes on the old ship, but inexperienced pilots pressed the attack, possibly confusing the *Utah* with the carrier *Enterprise*.[16]

Those sailors who were on deck or looking out a porthole had difficulty believing what they were seeing. Many believed this had to be some sort of training exercise. Even as the first bombs fell some thought that it may have been some sort of accident. Lee Soucy who was on board the *Utah* when the attack occurred recalled:

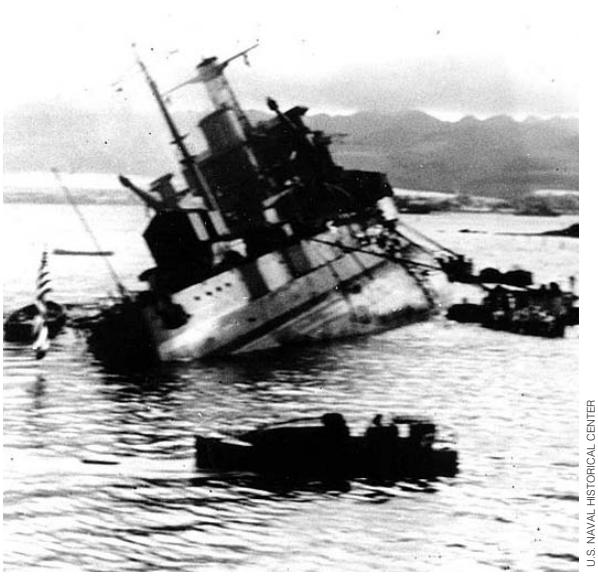
> I happened to be looking out of a porthole in Sick Bay when I saw a large number of airplanes approaching a mile or two south of us. As I focused on a forward group of 5 to 6 planes, at least three of them started diving and dropped bombs on hangars on the southern tip of Ford Island. I watched large balls of flame and a black cloud of smoke

[16] Gordon W. Prange, *At Dawn We Slept* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1981), 506. The attack on the *Utah* is difficult to comprehend given her different configuation from much larger carriers. The difference between the ships is even more noticeable when they are seen in profile from a torpedo bomber at a low altitude of fifty feet. Perhaps in the excitement of battle, the older ship may have been seen as a "target of opportunity" or perhaps simply sunk by mistake.

> rising, my first thought was: 'Somebody goofed big this time. They loaded live bombs on those planes by mistake.[17]

The reality of the situation became quickly apparent. The Japanese were attacking, ships were sinking, and men were dying.

Ensign Tom Anderson was the Officer of the Deck and recalled, "At about 0755 I and the rest of the watch saw 3 dive bombers come down and drop bombs and we were a little puzzled and surprised, but they used to make practice runs quite often but no bombs! A torpedo plane came past the starboard side going aft and banked and then I saw his Jap insignia and instantly I knew what was going on." Lt. Commander Lindley Winser who was in his bunk in the officers' quarters preparing to relieve the watch remembered: "I reached my port for a quick look across the channel. One Japanese plane was close aboard in a zoom after completing its attack, and it was being followed in by another in level flight not over 50 feet above the water." James Clark, Gunners Mate Second Class, gazed out a porthole checking the weather. He later wrote: "Looking in the direction of Ford Island I noticed smoke rising into the air and heard the sound of explosions. Looking up, I saw Jap planes bombing Ford Island. Almost simultaneously a torpedo hit the ship on the portside."[18]



U.S. NAVAL HISTORICAL CENTER

The last minutes of the USS **Utah** *before it capsized. This photograph was taken from the USS* **Tangier** *which was moored behind the* **Utah**.

At 8:01 a.m., the first aerial torpedo slammed into the Utah's port side as the crew raised the flag on the fantail. Minutes later, the second, and possibly a third torpedo struck the ship. Water began to fill the ship rapidly, and soon she was listing fifteen degrees.

For the men below deck it started as an interruption to their peaceful morning routine. Some perhaps believed they had been bumped by another

[17] The U. S. S. *Utah* Association's website: www.ussutah.org contains twenty-seven accounts of crew members of the *Utah* including those of Leonide B. (Lee) Soucy, Tom Anderson, Lindley Winser, James W. Clark, Jim Oberto, Harold Scott Richards, S. S. Isquith, Peter Tomich, Carl E. Lee, and William (Bill) Hughes cited in this article. Copies of these letters and memoirs are also found in the Utah State Historical Society Library.

[18] Tom Anderson to Mother, Letter dated Dec. 18, 1942; Lt. Commander Winser Letter dated Dec. 5, 1941; and "Eyewitness Report of James W. Clark, Gm2/c."

ship or maybe it was yet another training drill. This was quickly followed by the wrenching realization that something was seriously wrong with the ship. In a matter of seconds it became very clear that not only was the ship sinking, she was rolling over very quickly.

John (Jack) Vaessen had just begun his shift in the switchboard room deep within the ship. The switchboard room controlled the ship's electrical systems: "Just before I had gone down the hatch, I noticed a ship go by. So I said, 'Gee, they must have rammed us.' Then pretty soon I felt another thud, and more water started pouring in. Then the batteries started exploding. The power started dimming. I knew to keep the lights on."[19]

Jim Oberto was in his sleeping compartment with approximately twenty-five other men: "The deck of our sleeping compartment had split open, and thick black oil had begun oozing up through the crack. It wasn't long before all of us became aware the deck was no longer level. An alarming amount of seawater came cascading into the hatch opening just above our heads." Senior officer on board, Lt.Commander S.S. Isquith, realized that the *Utah* was sinking and ordered the crew to the starboard (high) side to escape the danger of the unrestrained 6 x 12 inch timbers pinning men down or striking them. By 8:05 a.m. the ship's list had increased to forty degrees. In less than five minutes after the impact of the first torpedo, the ship was lost. Shouts of "abandon ship over the starboard side" were heard over the bedlam.

With every passing second the old ship took on more water and continued her death roll. When the men reached topside they came under attack from strafing fighter planes. Jim Oberto reflected: "When we stepped out on the main deck, we were met by a scene right out of Dante's Inferno. Ships and buildings were exploding as far as I could see."[20]

With the *Utah* pretty much on her side, some of the men simply stepped off the low side into the water, placing themselves at the mercy of the sliding timbers and the drag of the rolling ship. Others took the relatively safer route jumping or sliding down the high side of the ship. Because the ships torpedo blisters were barnacle encrusted below the normal waterline, it made for a rough slide. Lindley Winser chose the high side hoping to ride out the ship as she rolled. "I hoped to be able to remain on the hull until things quieted down, but the slippery bottom of the ship took charge as she continued to roll and I skidded off into the water." Oberto, too, waited on the high side as long as possible. "I lost my footing, landed on my rear and went sliding down the rough, barnacle encrusted steel hull ripping the bottom out of my shorts and tearing skin off my rear in the process. I was

[19] John Vaessen's story has appeared in several publications including John Vaessen, Robert S. LaForte and Ronald E. Marcello, ed., *Remembering Pearl Harbor* (Wilmington, Delaware: Scholarly Resources Books, 1991), 165-70; Bill Kelly, "Please Don't Let Me Die in This Iron Tomb," *Sea Classics* 22 (December 1989): 37-41.

[20] James E. Oberto, "The Rape of Pearl," unpublished manuscript, Utah State Historical Society.

grasping at anything to slow this downward slide. But there was nothing to grab and I shot off the hull and into the water."[21]

Harold Scott Richards recounted his ordeal in leaving the sinking *Utah*.

> ...the fuel oil from the oil storage tanks had floated to deck and it was almost impossible to stand. By this time there were many of us trying to scramble to the topside, because we knew we had to abandon ship. By forming a human chain of outstretched arms we managed to get to the topside. We had to run down the side of the rolling ship or run to jump overboard because the Japanese were machine-gunning all of the men. We hadn't been in dry dock for quite a long time and we had barnacles on the side of the ship. They were razor sharp. I cut my feet, legs and backside—every part of my lower body-against the ship's bottom as I slid. We had small boats picking up the survivors but the boats were heavily gunned, so I decided to swim to shore. Before I could get away from the ship, someone jumped on my left shoulder tearing the ligaments loose in my back and breaking my collarbone. Due to all the excitement I did not know at the time that my collarbone was broken.[22]

The most physically demanding and perhaps most dangerous way of escaping the ship was to go hand over hand down the mooring lines that were securing the ship. Tom Anderson chose this option. "We slid down the mooring lines which were snapping like string in some places and got onto a mooring platform and called a nearby boat to pick us up."[23]

As the list increased, the timbers began to loosen and slide into the water, crushing men below and trapping still more behind jammed watertight doors. At 8:10 a.m., the *Utah* was listing eighty degrees when Lt. Commander Isquith arrived in the captain's cabin with two men for a last tour of the ship. Finding the door leading to the forecastle jammed by timbers, the trio made their way to the captain's bedroom where a porthole was open almost directly overhead. As Isquith made a final escape, the bed broke loose from under his feet and crashed into the bulkhead below.

At about 8:12 a.m. the *Utah* capsized after her mooring lines snapped. When the hawser lines broke, not only did the ship roll over but also the shock of the lines breaking caused one of Fox 11 quays to shatter, dumping many survivors back into the water.

Among the men trapped aboard ship was Jack Vaessen who recalled his ordeal:

> I pulled the fans and all the power and headed to the hatch as the ship was turning over. I was hanging onto anything I could grab. The ship rolled over and I crawled over the amplidynes and go up to the bottom.
>
> Every time I looked down at the water, I got more scared. With the wrench I hit the bottom of the ship. I hit it again and again, I kept it up for quite a while. All of a sudden I hear rapping noises on the outside and voices.[24]

On shore, huddled among the survivors, were Warrant Officer Machinist Stanley Semanski and Chief Machinist Terrance Macselwiney. They became

[21] Ibid., and Lt. Commander Winser Letter dated Dec. 7, 1941.
[22] "Eyewitness Report of Harold Scott Richards, Sk3/c USN."
[23] Tom Anderson to Mother, letter dated Dec. 18, 1942.
[24] Vassen, *Remembering Pearl Harbor*, 165-70. The amplidyne motor room controlled the ship's guns by keeping them in phase.

U.S. NAVAL HISTORICAL CENTER

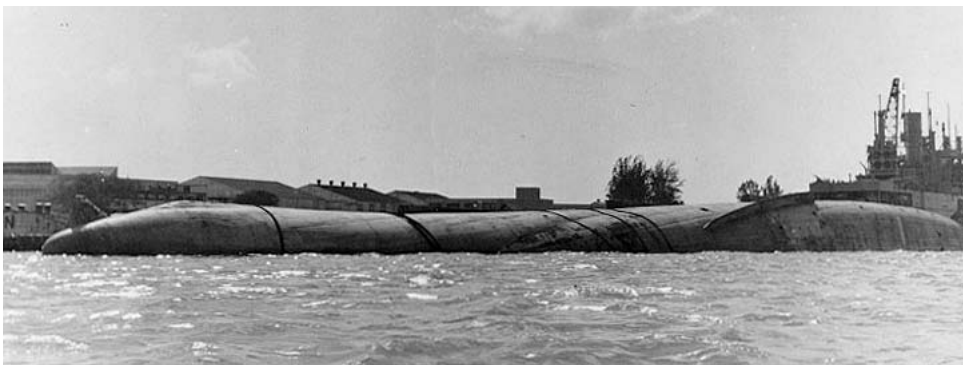
Peter Tomich was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery on board the USS **Utah** *during the attack at Pearl Harbor.*

aware of banging that seemed to be coming from the *Utah*. The men returned to the ship and climbed on the upturned hull and found the location of the banging. Semanski was determined to rescue the trapped men and rushed first to the USS *Tangier* and then to the USS *Raleigh* in search of help. The *Raleigh,* heavily damaged as she was, furnished a small rescue party. Back at the *Utah,* amid continued enemy strafing, the rescuers cut a hole in the bottom of the ship and found Vaessen.

Vaessen had been trapped for three hours. He was later awarded the Navy Cross for his efforts to keep the lighting system working so others could escape while the ship was sinking. Stanley Semanski and Terrance Macselwiney received Letters of Commendation for their heroic efforts in rescuing Vaessen.

Another sailor trapped below was Chief Water Tender Peter Tomich. Tomich was in charge of the *Utah's* engine room. As the ship was sinking, instead of escaping, Tomich headed down to his station where he ordered his crew to get out. Tomich was an immigrant from Croatia, and his crew was the only family he knew. Knowing that unless the boilers were secured they would rupture and explode, he ignored his own evacuation order and moved from valve to valve, setting the gauges, releasing steam here and there, stabilizing and securing the huge boilers that otherwise would have turned the ship into a massive inferno from which no one could escape. As the ship continued to roll, Tomich remained at his station. There was no explosion from the boiler and for his act of bravery and sacrifice, Tomich was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He is among the fifty-four sailors believed entombed inside the *Utah*. His is the only Medal of Honor since the late 1880s to go unclaimed. On January 4, 1944, Peter Tomich was awarded posthumously the Congressional Medal of Honor on board the destroyer escort the USS *Tomich*, which was commissioned in 1943 and named in his honor.[25]

[25] Peter Tomich's medal remained on the *Tomich* until it was decommissioned on September 20, 1946. On May 25, 1947, Utah Governor Herbert B. Maw formally made Tomich an honorary citizen of the state of Utah and his medal was given to the state as the official guardian of the dead hero. In early 1980 the navy requested the medal be placed on display at the Naval Academy. Currently it is in a small case in the Navy Museum in Washington, D. C. Over the years efforts have been made to locate the next of kin of Peter Tomich and recently some of his family have been located in Bosnia-Herzegovina. The navy, however, considers the matter closed. Paul W. Bucha, President, Congressional Medal of Honor Society to author, June 23, 1997.



U.S. NAVAL HISTORICAL CENTER

The capsized hull of the USS **Utah** *five days after the December 7, 1941 attack at Pearl Harbor.*

For the survivors of the *Utah*, once they reached the shore, the ordeal was not over. A second wave of planes continued to bomb and strafe Ford Island. Survivors of the *Utah* did more than just protect themselves; most did whatever they could to help others. Many were involved in preparing for the defense of Pearl Harbor from the next attack and the rumored invasion of the Hawaiian Islands. Some had the grim task of recovering bodies and assisting in salvage and repair.

Lee Soucy, a pharmacist's mate on board the *Utah* described his assignment once he was on shore.

> I reached the beach exhausted and when I looked up the sky was filled with airplanes...all Japanese. Soon another Pharmacist's mate (Gordon Sumner) from the Utah hobbled out of the water in his bare feet. Before we could discuss what to do two young officers in a jeep hailed us. "Corpsmen come with us on the double!" Sumner and I were both wearing our Red Cross brassards, which were easily recognized from the road. On the way, they explained to us that a large number of casualties were huddled together on the deck of a concrete building with no medical personnel of any kind in attendance.
>
> Upon arrival we saw oil covered men with a variety of bullet wounds, shrapnel injuries and severe burns–many of who were vomiting oil-streaked mucus and dirty seawater.
>
> We quickly ran out of medical supplies. We were in dire need of alcohol to wash off oil covered wounds. We commandeered liquor from the officers' club and not only did we use whiskey, rum, gin, and vodka to wash wounds we discovered that okoliau was a good emetic. We felt an urgent need to induce vomiting so the exhausted men could get rid of the dirty water and oil so many of them had swallowed.
>
> Late that morning medical personnel from the dispensary on Ford Island and the naval hospital relieved Sumner and me and took our patients out on stretchers to the hospital.[26]

Other *Utah* survivors volunteered to do what they could. Carl E. Lee responded to "...a call for volunteers to fight the fire on the Arizona and West Virginia [*sic*] I went with this group. Arriving at the sight, it didn't take much to determine that nothing could be done about the fire and all we could do was to do what we could to help those coming off the burning

[26] "Eyewitness Account Leonide B. (Lee) Soucy, PhM2/c."

U.S.S. UTAH ASSOCIATION

Memorial to the USS **Utah** *at Pearl Harbor.*

ships. And come they did in every condition imaginable, oily, wounded, sick and some already dead being towed ashore by shipmates, some on fire."

Lee spent the night on board the USS *Sacramento* standing watch from 10:00 p.m. to midnight. The next morning he

> ...was sent to some barracks to join other survivors. There we were assigned to burial parties and went by trucks to the cemetery in Honolulu. Pine coffins were brought in everything that could carry one. As we started handling the boxes we couldn't overlook the stench and blood still running from the boxes. We placed 49 of these boxes to a trench (dug by bulldozers) and covered them with the American flag, then a chaplain would say a prayer. Then in the quiet and peaceful calm of the day came the most mournful and never to be forgotten sound I have ever heard before or since–TAPS. I don't remember how many trenches we filled that day. The next 2 days we went to a place called Red Hill where we were confronted with piles of bodies. There we placed the bodies and pieces of bodies in sheets of burlap and then into pine boxes and sent off for burial. The first lunch break we had the first day of this, we were taken to a school where food had been prepared and was in plates on the tables. We marched in, sat down, looked at the food and to a man, got up and marched out without touching the food.[27]

A total of thirty officers and 431 men were reported to have survived the loss of the *Utah*. At best estimates, six officers and fifty-two enlisted men were lost, many trapped on board, others cut down by strafing aircraft. For many survivors from the attack on Pearl Harbor, victory was long and difficult. Radioman Third Class Bill Hughes recalled: "The long trek from Pearl Harbor to Tokyo Bay lasted 3 years, 8 months and 25 days. I can truthfully state that I was where it started the day it started, and where it ended the day it ended. . . Tokyo Bay."[28]

Local reaction to the sinking of the *Utah* seemed to be low keyed. The *Salt Lake Tribune* ran a story on December 16, 1941, detailing the text of Navy Secretary Henry Knox's description of the losses at Pearl Harbor. Knox mentioned the condition of the *Utah* and the *Arizona* but there was

[27] "Eyewitness Report of Carl E. Lee."
[28] "Eyewitness Report William (Bill) Hughes, Rm3/c USN."

no statement about the battleship fleet at Pearl Harbor. Knox in his comments described the *Utah* as, "The old target ship, which has not been used as a combatant ship for many years." Perhaps officials in Washington felt comfortable releasing details about the Utah's demise, since it was 'only' a target ship and its loss was of no major concern.

An attempt was made near the end of the war to right the capsized *Utah,* but the ship was never re-floated and the navy had neither the desire nor the resources to salvage the forgotten ship. In the early 1950s, two small plaques were erected on and near the ship's remains.

In 1960, with the support of the ship's survivors, Utah Senator Wallace F. Bennett made a request to the navy that a flag be flown over the ship. The navy turned down Bennett's request. Utah Senator Frank E. Moss also repeatedly asked Congress to approve a memorial to the ship. In 1966 Moss received much needed support from Hawaii Senator Daniel K. Inouye, but it was not until 1970 when Congress officially authorized the construction of a true memorial. On Memorial Day 1972 with Moss as guest of honor, the site was dedicated with a new plaque bearing the following inscription: "While we honor those who here gave their last full measure of devotion all of us hope and pray that the time will come when we no longer need to dedicate memorials to men who died in battle---that we will dedicate memorials to those who live in peace---to all nations and men."

Today, the *Utah* Memorial is one of three national memorials at Pearl Harbor, the others being the USS *Arizona* Memorial and the USS *Nevada* Memorial. The *Arizona* Memorial and the USS *Missouri* are located on the more accessible east side of Ford Island. Also located at Pearl Harbor is the USS *Bowfin* submarine museum. Nearby is the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific often referred to as the Punchbowl.

The *Utah* Memorial is seldom mentioned in tour guides of Pearl Harbor, it being more difficult to visit because of its location on the west side of the military reservation. Visitors must make prior arrangement with the United States Navy before visiting the *Utah* Memorial.

The *Utah* is truly one of our country's unrecognized war ships. Like most men and women who served their country, she did her work quietly, without fanfare, and did it well. She did all that was asked of her. During World War I she protected the convoys from enemy attacks and after the Great War she "showed the flag" of the United States around the world. But it was her service as a target and training ship that help shape our country's history. She prepared America's soldiers, pilots and sailors to fight and win the war in the Pacific.

Senator Frank Moss said it best: "In a sense the Utah was immortal. Her hulk a twisted mass but her spirit remained alive in almost every fighting ship and aircraft in the Pacific Fleet."[29]

[29] *Honolulu Star Bulletin*, December 7, 1971.

A Utahn at Utah Beach—June 6, 1944

By MAX FINLEY

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Max Finley was born in Castle Dale and grew up in the nearby coal mining town of Mohrland. In 1940 he graduated from North Emery High School in Huntington. He attended the University of Utah where, at 6' 5", he played basketball and was on the track team. Inducted into the army at Fort Douglas on May 12, 1943, Finley was assigned to the 549th Field Artillery Battalion—whose soldiers were usually known as the 49ers. After training at Fort Hood, the 549th left Texas by train on November 27, 1943, for Camp Shanks, New York. On December 9, 1943, Finley sailed for England on board the *Uruguay*, a one-time luxury cruise ship converted into a troop transport. He arrived fifteen days later at Southampton, England, on Christmas Eve 1943. The 549th was headquartered at Hartford Manor, just outside Northwich in west-central England—approximately twenty-five miles southeast of Liverpool and twenty-five miles southwest of Manchester. Finley was assigned to the fire direction and survey team and would accompany the infantry and other frontline troops to radio back directions for artillery fire. Beginning in March 1944, training for the D-Day landing intensified and plans for the American landings at Omaha and Utah beaches began to unfold. In the following memoir, Max Finley, now a resident of Price, recalls his experience with the first American soldiers to land at Utah Beach on the French coast in Normandy on June 6, 1944.

Max Finley in England.

Early in March 1944 myself and the rest of the fire direction and survey team was sent North for training with the Queens Own Guards Regiment at Tidworth, Scotland, the rugged British Commando training depot at Achnacarry House. This was the Highlands, blue lakes between low mountains, green heather on desolate water logged moors. It rained often and a biting wind was constant this time of the year. The scenery was beautiful to the eye but unpleasant to the skin. The training was hard, the weather miserable, and the food half rations. We trained seven days a week and many times at night. Much time was spent on twenty-five mile hikes with full sixty-pound packs, which we were to complete in seven and one-half hours.

May 12, 1944, we found our team back with the 49'ers, who had remained in training at Hartford. This day marked exactly one year that I had been in the army and it was like coming home to be back with so many of the men I had become friends with. I had developed a bad cold while in Tidworth, and I welcomed the milder weather at our Hartford base.

On May 20th, the 549th was again on the move; this time south to a marshaling area at Weymouth on the English Channel. The weather was beautiful sunshine. We knew the time for the invasion of Europe was getting close. It was here that orders came down from American Expedition Force Headquarters that the 549th was assigned to corps artillery of the 4th Infantry Division. At that time we didn't know the great significance of the assignment.

The first four days were pretty much carefree. We could go into any nearby town, do just about anything, but on May 25th, the party was over, we were locked in the marshaling area for briefings. The area was surrounded by barbed wire. Armed guards, MP's and British, were stationed outside the fence. We were ordered not to communicate with them. We couldn't have any conversation with anybody who wasn't more or less imprisoned in the compound. We were told the date, time and location of the complete invasion, including the roles of the British, Canadians and American paratroopers—the 29th Infantry, the 4th Infantry and the lst Infantry Divisions.

It was at this briefing that we learned the significance of our assignment to the Infantry Division. The 4th Infantry was to spearhead the invasion at a beach, given the code name "Utah" on the Normandy coast of France. That meant, of course, that the 49'ers fire direction and survey team would accompany the invading troops to direct artillery fire. I remember someone saying, "Hitler would give a million dollars to know what I know."

My first thought having learned that we would be landing at a Normandy beach given the code name "Utah" was why that name? Is there some connection to our state and what we are about to attempt, and if so, what? I puzzled that for a day or two, and finding no answer, even to inquiries, decided it was another military enigma that was so common to

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

When issued clothing at Fort Douglas, Max Finley (in the middle) was told one size fits all.

most enlisted persons. At the moment, however, I was proud to be from Utah for it brought a lot of attention to our state from members of our unit who wanted to know more about life in Utah and why at this time the name became so special. To this day I don't know why the beach names became Utah, Omaha, Sword, Gold, and Juneau. I've never talked to anyone who could tell me, nor have I found a book answer.

Most of the personnel of the 549th Field Artillery Battalion were taken from a deactivated coast artillery unit stationed in New York and Massachusetts and were residents of those states. Any person who wasn't from Boston or Brooklyn was a country bumpkin, and we encountered a lot of good natured kidding. "Utah, is that in the U.S.A. somewhere, or has it always been part of France? The general who named Utah beach, is he your uncle?"

The days before D-Day dwindled and everybody's drills followed a consistent pattern. The emphasis for the individual soldier fell on the need to know their special assignments, the roadway and the buildings around and along the area we would maneuver in. Sand tables were prepared, showing typical vegetation, roads, trails, bridges, and strong points needed to be taken and held in order to secure the beach behind us. Aerial photos were available and we were able to study them thoroughly. All German division-size formations were located and identified, or at least we thought they had been. So long as they were not panzer or panzer-grenadier, we felt sure we could handle them. Tanks posed a threat that we could not afford to take lightly. We were concerned, also, about underwater and beach obstacles and landing in water too deep to wade to the beaches with all of our equipment.

With the invasion scheduled to begin on the 5th of June, those destined to arrive by sea began boarding a variety of sea-going vessels on the 4th. The 549th left the marshaling area early in the evening loaded down with

equipment and marched through the narrow streets of Weymouth and up the gangplank of the USS *Charles Carrol*. On the way down we passed through long lines of English people. There was total silence on their part and on ours. Both the people and we soldiers knew that some going to the boats wouldn't be returning.

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Members of the artillery fire direction team at Camp Shanks, New York, before sailing for England to prepare for the Normandy invasion. Except for Max Finley, second from the left in the back row, all of these American soldiers lost their lives during the fighting in France, Belgium, and Germany.

Upon boarding the ship, we tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible by removing our heavy packs and finding a place on the crowded deck to set ourselves down. Knowing that the USS *Charles Carrol* would not be leaving the harbor until early morning, we were hoping to catch a few winks. If there was any sleep at all, however, it was quite restless, our minds being on what might be coming up. I'm sure, like me, the others were wondering if all the blood, sweat, and tears spent training for this day really prepared us for enemy fire. Every soldier, no matter how well trained he is, has a deeply ingrained fear that he will fail when meeting the enemy for the first time.

A raging storm postponed D-Day for twenty-four hours and we were ordered to stand down. We took advantage of this extra time by checking our equipment for the umpteenth time and reviewing our assigned missions. The 4th Infantry Division was to drive from the beach inland and contact the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions who had dropped during the night. We were to meet them at the small town of Saint-Mére-Eglise and set up a perimeter defense in the area near the bridge over the Merderet River, five to seven miles from Utah Beach.

During the night our ship had moved across the channel with hundreds of other ships. As dawn broke on June 6th, we would be ordered into our assigned landing craft and scramble down the overhanging cargo nets with full packs, arms and ammunition. Besides a rifle, I would carry five hand grenades, a gas mask, a trench shovel, a boot knife, half-pound of TNT, 160 rounds of ammunition, a full canteen of water, four K-rations, two extra pairs of socks, sulfa powder packets, one smoke grenade, one survey instrument, one range finder, and a few personal items.

Near 3:30 a.m. we were called to a pre-invasion breakfast. The mess boys in their white aprons served hot cakes, sausage, eggs, and coffee with unusual politeness, seeming to know what might be in store for those going ashore. But the pre-invasion stomachs were preoccupied, and most of the noble effort was left on the plates.

At 4:00 a.m. we were assembled on the open deck. The invasion barges were swinging on the cranes, ready to be lowered. Waiting for the first ray of light, the many hundreds of men stood in perfect silence; whatever they were thinking, it was some kind of prayer, I am sure. None of us was at all impatient, and we wouldn't have minded a bit to stand in the darkness for a long time. But the sun had no way of knowing that this day, D-Day, was different from all others, and the sun rose on its usual schedule. The barges were lowered and we first-wavers stumbled over the railings and climbed down the netting and descended into the sea.

With the morning light came the view of thousands of ocean going vessels. As far as you could see, north or south, east or west, the sea was full of every type and kind of ship you could ever imagine. At about 5:30 a.m. the great American and British warships began to fire their giant guns. Overhead, hundreds of planes flew, dropping their bomb loads along the invasion coast, and mine sweepers moved in to clear the way for the landing craft.

The sea was very rough and we were wet before our barge pushed away from the mother ship. It was clear that we weren't going to land with dry feet, or anything else. We rocked across the waves and in no time at all everyone started to heave. But this was a polite war as well as a carefully prepared invasion, and little paper bags had been provided for the purpose and when they were disposed of, the helmet served just as well, and kept most of it off the backs of your neighbor and out of the faces of those in the rear, most of it.

As they were loaded, the landing craft began to circle and form groups. Our circle was under one of the larger battleships whose guns were firing as fast as they could be loaded and whose blast was enough in itself to knock you down. As we started to move toward the beach in lines, we passed rocket launcher ships, and they were releasing deafening salvoes onto the beach still some distance ahead. It was almost hidden from view by smoke and shell bursts.

I saw the craft in front of ours going up with some sort of direct hit from the German artillery. I saw a navy ship lying on its side with many people hanging on, but we could not stop to render any assistance. Before we reached shore, something came through the side of our craft and tore quite a hole, in one side and out the other. It also ripped a good-sized piece from my backpack. As we continued in machine gun bullets were hitting the boat and artillery shells were landing all over the water. It was a rain of shells. We were scared to death. We didn't know what would happen the next minute.

As we neared our landing area in our Higgins craft and watched the air

bursts of the exploding shells, one person asked if all Utah homecomings were celebrated so spectacularly. That wasn't a bit funny to me at the time.

The history books say we landed some distance to the left of where we were supposed to be, and they claim this made it one of the easier landings. It did not seem so easy at the time. When we got to the shores of Normandy, the cox'n didn't want to take the boat too close to the shore because of the heavy artillery fire from the German positions, but he was finally persuaded to move in far enough and finally the flat bottom of our craft hit the earth of France. The boatswain lowered the steel covered barge front, and there, between the many cement and steel obstacles sticking out of the water, was a thin line of beach covered with smoke and exploding shells–Utah Beach, the code name for our landing area. France at that moment looked a bit sordid and uninviting, especially with German machine gun bullets spitting around the barge and mortar and artillery shells plowing up the waterfront. You tried to make yourself as small as possible going in, but we all had packs of sixty-five pounds or more—which was too heavy to carry. When I stepped off the boat, the water was about waist high for me. But some of the fellows were a lot shorter and they were in the water up to their chests while a couple of men stepped into submerged shell holes and disappeared under the water.

COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

American soldiers with a captured German flag. Max Finley is holding the flag on the far right.

We finally waded into shore and hid behind some beach obstacles that had been placed there to stop tanks and other heavy armor and equipment from moving forward on the beach. When we were about halfway to a seawall, which was about sixty yards from the waters edge, Lt. Ray Peterson, our team leader, became our first casualty. He was just behind me and went down with a serious wound to the stomach, struck by shrapnel from an exploding mortar shell. I helped him to the shelter of the seawall but he died within minutes, before we could find a medic. A second man in front of me stepped on a land mine. After this, we found that the mines were all marked with wooden sticks. It seems they did not have time to remove them or didn't expect a landing here. Those wooden sticks saved many lives.

Our squad of ten was down to eight very early–Lt. Peterson on the beach, and the one who stepped on the land mine as we came to a higher ridge behind the seawall. Needless to say, we were overcome by a moment of pure terror as the rest of the fire direction team and I tried to find cover where we could behind the seawall. Being shot at is no fun, and I never got used to it. My first reaction to the enemy fire in France was anger, because I soon realized *those guys are trying to kill, and I'm their target.*

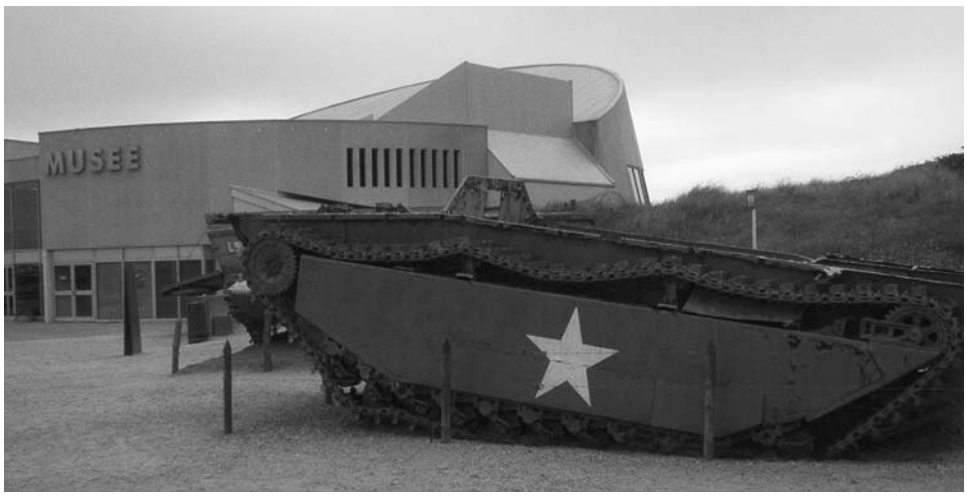
In every firefight I experienced throughout Europe, I recollect that things were noisy and confusing with the crack of weapons, grenade and artillery explosions, and screaming men. A battlefield is also very dirty with dust and all types of broken debris covering the earth, along with dead animals and humans. I incurred numerous cuts and scratches as I repeatedly hurled myself to the ground and crawled from place to place. My clothing and gear were often ripped or torn. The simplest tasks were difficult, and I felt like I was moving in slow motion; in fact, I was at hyper-speed. A forty-minute firefight was like running a marathon. After the adrenaline wore off, I was usually exhausted, totally spent. But the day was not over. I would still have to put my rucksack on and continue with the mission.

We made our way in as the fire direction team and waited for artillery pieces to move in, which was supposed to follow us in on the fourth wave. But only six of the twelve guns ever got to shore and they had to be cleaned up before they could ever be used. So we just became infantry men for the next six or seven days.

At the top of the ridge just off Utah Beach, we made a left turn onto what seemed to be a trail or path. For a short way the path turned back toward the beach but then again turned inland. Moving as fast as we could, we reached a road that led toward a swampy area that had been flooded by the Germans as an aid in their defense.

We came upon the small town of Pouppeville. This is where we began to see the results of our work, our first dead enemies. Just beyond the town we began to meet some of the airdrop people of the 101st Airborne, who had dug in when they had received heavy fire from a strong German roadblock near a clump of stone buildings surrounding a footbridge across the Merderet River. The enemy was holed up in a house and several barns. We had more firepower, and after what seemed like an hour, the Germans who were not killed or wounded waved a white flag and came out and surrendered. They were disarmed and herded back the way we had come, under guard. We continued on toward Saint-Mére-Eglis. Shells from our own heavy guns continued to shell German positions ahead. Shells from the sixteen-inch guns of the battleship, USS *Texas* rumbled overhead like locomotives and made terrific explosions as they impacted ahead of us, making giant craters and clearing everything for dozens of yards around.

Our progress proved to be very slow as we encountered heavy mortar and artillery fire, along with constant sniper harassment. We seemed to be always ducking for cover–behind a hedgerow, into a shell hole, ditches, or



UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Museum at Utah Beach.

foxholes previously dug and used by retreating enemies. You had to be careful that some of the foxholes weren't previously used as latrines.

Toward the middle of the day, we encountered a small group of Germans dug in at two machine gun positions. A mortar team from B Company soon managed to quiet them down, and we ended up at an old farmhouse or chateau being used as a hospital by some medics of the 101st. They had no one to defend them and our CO, company commander, agreed to stay until reinforcements came up. We dug in immediately, setting up a perimeter defense to protect the place. No sooner had we completed our positions than we were ordered to move out. The situation seemed to change from one minute to the next. At times we had the feeling that no one knew what was going on, but I'm sure the Germans were as confused as we were.

By mid-afternoon on D-Day, our company was ordered to move south toward Fauville, a town of about a dozen houses, surrounded by fields. Fauville was a death trap for many of my friends. Enemy shelling and sniper fire were almost constant from behind the high hedgerows surrounding the farms. A rocket landing near our three-man mortar squad set off a secondary explosion from one of the grenades one of them was carrying. There was nothing left. That was a great worry to me, that one of the grenades I had would be hit.

At dusk we passed through Fauville and after several small firefights met up with members of the 82nd Airborne Division near the outskirts of Saint-Mére-Eglise. Critical to holding this town was the bridge across the Merderet River at La Fiere and our assignment was to hold it at all costs to prevent German reinforcements from making a counter-attack toward the established beachhead.

Those members of the 82nd Airborne were very glad to see us not knowing what had been going on at the beaches or whether the landings had even been successful. Their radio equipment had been destroyed early

on, and they had waited all day to see a friendly face. Having suffered many casualties since their mid-night airdrop, they were greatly relieved for the link-up, but wondered why it took us such a long time to make contact.

That night—it was almost eleven before darkness—we got into a defensive position, close to some hedgerows on the right and an apple orchard across the road on the left. Constant sniper fire from the orchard made things miserable for a while but we finally took care of that situation and things seemed to settle down. I had never been so tired in my life. We dug shallow foxholes in the hard ground, because we didn't have enough energy left to dig deeper.

I tried to go to sleep, but sleep would not come for a long time. I kept looking into the sky and seeing the dead—the picture of them in the dirt or what was left of them was imprinted on my mind— and I would see them staring with blank eyes into the sky. I thought of the dead enemy and wondered who they were, where they came from, in which German city they lived, and I wondered if they were married. I thought about their families wondering where they were and what they were doing. I felt sad and I couldn't drop off to sleep for a long time.

When I finally thought I could drift off to sleep, the enemy air force began flying over and bombing the beach behind us. Every ship in the channel opened up with every weapon–all sizes, and red, and orange, and white tracers and exploding shells streamed toward the dark sky. At times, small pieces of metal particles of the exploding shells fell on our helmets, making a clattering noise.

About 3:00 a.m. one of our .50 caliber machine guns began shooting down the road. The men had seen shapes ahead. After that, it was quiet until daylight and then things started all over again. We tried to move forward only to take cover every few yards while we directed artillery fire onto enemy positions.

It is impossible for me to remember each day of the next three-hundred and thirty odd remaining days of the war after these many years, but that first day, D-Day will always be special to anyone who was there. I would not take anything for having been there, but never again would I want to go through the experience.

After the successful landing at Utah Beach, the 4th Infantry Division turned west and struggled through the difficult hedgerows of the Cotentin Peninsula to the primary objective at the north end of the peninsula—the critical port of Cherbourg which surrendered on June 29th. From Cherbourg the 4th Infantry retraced its steps back down the peninsula and then pushed east toward the outskirts of Paris which was liberated on August 25, 1944. The 549th continued eastward through northern France to the Belgian border near the town of Malmedy and then to the German border where the 549th helped capture Aachen, the first German city to fall to the allied forces in October 1944. The 549th then fought in

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Utah Beach sixty years after D-Day.

the snow covered minefields of the Hurtgen Forest before returning to Belgium and the city of Dinant to help stop the German advance near the town of Elsenborn in the northern sector of Hitler's Ardennes Offensive—known to Americans as the Battle of the Bulge. There, on Christmas Eve 1944, during a lull in the artillery battle, Finley recalled, "For a few moments at a time the silence could almost be heard. Somewhere during the night I could hear the sound of a church bell, probably coming from the little town of Elsenborn. I couldn't help but think of home, and of the lost friends of just a few days ago….Except for my thoughts, this Christmas wasn't much different from any other combat day; cold, lonely and sad."

With the German offensive halted and Hitler's forces in retreat, the 549th pushed on to the Rhine River and the Ruhr industrial area in the vicinity of Duisburg. Finley crossed the Rhine River in a land-amphibious vehicle called a "Weasel" but was wounded when the vehicle struck a land mine on the east shore of the river. After three weeks in a hospital in Belgium, Finley rejoined his unit near Rudlingshausen as they pursued the enemy across Germany to the Elbe River where they made contact with Russian troops on May 4th, four days before the German surrender on May 8, 1945. The unit remained on the west bank of the Elbe River for a month before being sent for a few weeks of guard duty in Eichstatt, Bavaria. In late July the 549th received orders to return to England and Finley traveled by train from Frankfurt to Paris where he stopped for a few days before continuing on to LeHarve, France and the return trip across the English Channel nearly fourteen months after the landing on Utah Beach. After nine months in England, Finley returned to the United States where he was discharged at Fort Douglas on May 14, 1946. Of the ten men that made up the original fire direction team of the 549th Field Artillery Battalion that landed at Utah Beach on June 6, 1944, only two, Max Finley and Charles Hill returned to the United States. The other eight were killed by enemy fire in France, Belgium, and Germany.

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(ABOVE) *The USS* **Bayfield** *off Utah Beach on the Normandy coast of France June 6, 1944, with the landing craft preparing for the invasion.* *(RIGHT)* *Soldiers entering a landing craft prior to the invasion at Utah Beach.*

Utah Beach

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(ABOVE) *A German shell explodes near an LST in the waters off Utah Beach.* *(RIGHT)* *Landing craft make their way toward Utah Beach.*

(LEFT) *The first wave of soldiers of the 4th Infantry land at Utah Beach.*

(BELOW) *A weapons carrier goes ashore at Utah Beach*

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U.S. AIR FORCE

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

(RIGHT) *A German shell explodes on Utah Beach.*

(BELOW) *German prisoners of war enclosed in a makeshift barbed wire compound on Utah Beach.*

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

(TOP LEFT) *Soldiers move over the seawall at Utah Beach.* *(TOP RIGHT)* *An aerial view of Utah Beach taken on June 6, 1944.* *(LEFT CENTER)* *Army medical personnel attend to wounded soldiers on Utah Beach.* *(ABOVE)* *Soldiers of the 4th Infantry approach Utah Beach.*
(BELOW) *General Theodore Roosevelt Jr. directs operations on Utah Beach.*

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World War II Through the Words and Camera Lens of One Utahn

By J. L. CRAWFORD

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

I was born the same year the First World War began and was old enough when it ended to remember soldiers coming home. Two men from my hometown of Springdale served overseas, Heber Langston and Elmer Winder. Heber Langston was the only one to be killed in action. I remember his mother, Zelpha Langston, crying and saying that the war killed her boy. Forty-eight men from Springdale served in World War II and the only casualty was Vance Justet, grandson of Zelpha Langston. Vance was killed on the island of Luzon. That was supposed to be the war to end all wars, but nobody believed it. Many people said to me as I was growing up, "You will be just the right age for the next one." And I was.

I got my draft notice in January 1941, but I asked for, and was granted an extension until the end of spring quarter at Brigham Young University at which time I reported to the draft board. I was home about a month before I got my call.

Chief Ranger Donal Jolley hired me as a flagman on a road washout in Zion Canyon, with the intention of making me a seasonal ranger, until he learned Uncle Sam had other plans for me. The flagman job lasted only two weeks. My cousin, Vernon Ruesch, was being drafted at the same time and since the USA wasn't yet into the war, the plan was to serve for a year. While we waited for our call we frequented the Canyon Inn, which was owned by our good friend Austen Excell. He had a jukebox with the song "Goodbye Dear, I'll Be Back in a Year," which our friends dedicated to us. Every time either of us

Lieutenant J. L. Crawford in combat uniform returning from the fighting on the Gustav Line in Italy.

LEFT An orphan in North Africa in an army uniform provided by American soldiers. RIGHT The ancient village of Venafro located at the foot of Monte Croce and not far from the front line in southern Italy.

showed up at the Inn, someone would plug in a nickel and play "our tune."

When we reported to the draft board in St. George, we were given the key to the city. As I recall that included a hotel room for a night, a movie and free meals at any café. Rosco McMullin joined us as we got on the bus. In Cedar City we picked up Max Dalley and Christian Ronnow. Next stop Fort Douglas.

After induction into the Army of the United States at Fort Douglas, I went by train to Camp Wolters, Texas, where I completed basic training in October 1941, non-commissioned officers school in early 1942, and then went to Fort Benning, Georgia, where I completed officer candidate school, was commissioned a Second Lieutenant, and assigned to the 83rd Division at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. After maneuvers in Tennessee, more than one hundred officers were separated from the Division and sent overseas as replacements. In late September 1943, I left from Newport News, Virginia, on board the *Empress of Scotland* for Casablanca, French Morocco, in North Africa. After several weeks in North Africa, we sailed for Italy. We docked at Naples in the morning hours and were made very much aware that the war had been there ahead of us.

J. L. Crawford in his foxhole near Anzio, Italy.

I walked across the side of an overturned ship as I left our ship, then from the wreck I stepped onto a front street of Naples. I managed to snap a picture of a hotel or apartment building from which the front wall was missing, exposing bathroom fixtures on about eight floors. We were pestered by young boys wanting to carry our baggage, but I didn't let go of any of mine since I didn't trust the bambinos. We were loaded onto trucks and transported a few miles to the Bagnoli Race Track, which was our replacement depot. As many as ten thousand soldiers were said to be there at times, coming and going to the front or returning from it.

It was easier for the local people to get into camp than it was for soldiers to get out. I don't know how the people got in, but there was always a line of hungry urchins near the garbage cans, with rusty cans or pans, begging for the food left on our mess gear. It didn't matter what it was, they would go off eating it with their fingers. That saddened me more than anything I had seen in North Africa. Many times I would have donated my meal, but that wasn't allowed.

While awaiting assignment to a fighting unit, I attended LDS services, which were held at the Victor Emmanuel School, and there I met Chaplain Eldin Ricks and Major Albert Huber. Major Huber commanded the 158th Artillery, which supported the regiment I later joined. I also ran into my old friend Max Webb, who, because of his language skills with German and Spanish, was assigned to Intelligence. He was housed in a hotel with all services provided. It seemed he wasn't happy with his assignment and wanted to get to the front lines and have some real war experiences. He worried as to what he would tell his grandkids if he didn't help win the war. I tried to convince him he was doing a more important job there than he could do in combat, and if he really wanted grandkids he had better stay off the front lines. He didn't listen to me. I heard about eight months later that his jeep hit a teller mine, killing him along with his driver and a captain. I will always cherish my visits to Pompeii and Rome with him.

On Christmas Eve I attended a Catholic Mass, which seemed to be for

the benefit of a few hundred of us who were on our way to the fighting front. A day or two later I was on a truck traveling on muddy roads towards the Volturno River Valley where I was dumped. I ate my 1944 New Year's dinner out of a mess kit in a pup tent in a snowstorm in an olive orchard near the Italian town of Venafro. Here I was assigned platoon leader of third platoon, Company B, 157th Infantry, 45th Division.

From Venafro, we trudged through the town of Possilli, up a valley and climbed a mountain where we occupied the front line for three days and nights, my first time on the front line. The terrain was rocky and rough and there was some snow on the ground. Needless to say we were not comfortable, but I didn't suffer from the cold as I had somehow managed to get a pair of tankers' coveralls, which were lined with GI blanket material. We didn't get into any fighting, but patrols were sent out each night without any results. I was glad to hike down the mountain and go into a rest area at Piedmonte d'Alife. There were USO shows making their rounds and I got to see one with Humphrey Bogart as the main attraction. After a few days, we were moved back to Bagnoli.

TOP During free time in Rome, Crawford and his friend George Bolz, shown in this photograph, tour Rome and surrounding areas with the help of two young Italian guides. BOTTOM One of Crawford's duties was to censor mail written by soldiers under his command.

After about three days in the staging area, which was situated in an ancient volcanic crater circled by a high masonry wall, we were becoming a bit bored as we had no scheduled duties and saw no high-ranking officers. Sgt. Conrad Smith and I got to wondering what the country looked like

TOP Members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints meet for service in a field near Salerno on the west coast of southern Italy. The "Mormon" jeep with its beehive, Angel Moroni, and Deseret, became famous among Mormon solders in Italy. J. L. Crawford is on the right end of the front row. LEFT The village of Reipertsweiler in the Alsace area of eastern France near the German border. German soldiers occupy the houses across the stream from where Crawford took this photograph.

on the other side of the wall. By scanning with our binoculars we could see what appeared to be a break in the wall exactly opposite the entrance gate. We decided to climb the hill and check it out. Another non-com went along. The hill was very steep, but the ground was soft making it easy to get a foothold.

The distance must have been about three hundred yards. We made it to the top and found the break we had seen. By helping each other we got over the wall and found ourselves in a vast vineyard sloping off to the east. Not fifty feet from the wall was a man pruning his grape vines who greeted us in English. We told him who we were and he told us he had been in the United States during WWI and had worked at Fort Dix. He invited us to his house, an ancient masonry structure, built on the hillside with a cellar into which a wagon could be driven. Several

humongous wooden barrels lined the sides of the cellar. He drew a pitcher of wine from one, explaining that the Germans had taken all of his wine except the one barrel which they graciously left for his use. Then he took us up stairs and had his wife fry up a large pan of potatoes, so with that and her homemade bread we had a feast.

TOP These children on a snow sleigh in the Alsacian town of Schonberg seem unaffected by the war that brought J. L. Crawford to stay in their house.

BOTTOM Lieutenants Castro and Crawford (right) observe wash day at the community laundry in Glouville in the Alsace region of France.

We lost track of time and it was late in the afternoon when we got back over the wall. As we viewed the bottom of the crater, we were flabbergasted as we couldn't see any camp or people. We made it to the bottom in twenty-foot jumps and found one truck loading the last of the tents and bedrolls, ours included. The driver told us they had orders to move out with little notice and they were loading onto ships. Within minutes, we were on our way, riding atop a truckload of bed rolls. We were taken to a wharf somewhere in the vicinity of Pozzuoli where I faced an irate Captain Barnes, who threatened to bust me to private and ordered me to get on board and check my men. The ship was a small one, I think it was called an LCI (Landing Craft Infantry).

We spent only one night on board during which time we were told where we were going—Anzio, only thirty-six miles south of Rome. My company was sent to the front line early on the second night on the beachhead. Our position was on the left, next to the shore of the Mediterranean. As we were being oriented by the unit we were relieving, I noticed a stretcher which obviously had a body on it covered by a blanket. I knew that was one of our soldiers, the first casualty of the war I had seen.

I can't describe the feeling that gave me, but it was one of despair and

American soldiers cross the border into Germany.

gloom, which was intensified before morning by several artillery barrages. I had bedded down in a slit trench someone else had dug and it was so shallow I think my nose was above the level of the ground. Fragments of a shell bursting some distance away would pass over me, but a direct hit or even a near miss would mean curtains. I became convinced of the truthfulness of the saying, "There are no atheists in fox holes." I think I prayed myself to sleep several times. During approximately two and a half months I was on the beachhead, we were moved several times, each time a little farther inland, or to the right.

Following the Anzio experience, time spent in southern Italy was like a summer vacation. It was good to be off K rations for a while. The cooks went to great efforts to find fresh vegetables to satisfy the men's craving for salads, something they had been denied for so long. Much of my time was spent censoring letters written by members of my platoon. Of course we had to undergo training for amphibious landings and that gave us an inkling of what our next assignment would be.

Some time around the first of August, we were loaded onto ships and spent about a week sitting in the harbor. Then we sailed between the islands of Sardinia and Corsica toward southern France.

What goes on in the mind of an infantryman as he climbs down the rope ladder into a small landing craft? Will I have to swim? Will I get shot in the water or on the beach? Is the beach mined? How far to cover? I remember seeing the splash of only one bullet hitting the water near our boat as I stepped out onto dry sand. We were in a hurry to get off the beach, but were stopped by double-apron barbed wire fence through which we blasted an opening with a bangalore torpedo—a pipe, loaded

American soldiers cross the Rhine River on this improvised ferry.

with TNT, designed to destroy wire obstacles by concussion. The landing was near St. Tropez on the Mediterranean coast of France. It was too easy, but what was ahead? It wasn't long before men in uniform started appearing with their arms in the air. It turned out they were Polish soldiers who had been pressed into service by the Germans. Besides English, I had five languages spoken in my platoon, including two or three Slavic languages. A squad leader spoke fluent Polish and learned from the Polish prisoners that most of their German leaders had abandoned them and fled north. It was almost evening when a civilian told us there were many Germans waiting to surrender and he would lead us to them. I was detailed to take my platoon and bring them in. Sure enough, there were nearly a hundred officers and men left without transportation. They had piled all their weapons and valuables in one large pile, knowing they would be taken from them sooner or later.

We moved fast through France, considering that we still had to fight our way. Several times we made rather long advances riding vehicles, sometimes trucks, but usually tanks or tank destroyers. One time I rode twenty or thirty miles astride the barrel of a 155 mm Long Tom, our largest artillery piece. We had to cross three major rivers—the Durance, Rhone, and Moselle. The Durance was the first and my platoon was in the lead as we pussy-footed across a bridge, not knowing if it was boobytrapped. The bridge was later blown up. I believe the charges were already set when we crossed and I felt very fortunate that we didn't touch them off.

The Moselle River and the French town of Épinal marked our approach to the Vosges Mountains in northeastern France about the end of September 1944. Near Épinal I spent a night in a WWI trench. It was grass-covered and well-preserved. I was amazed that it had retained its shape all those years. The next day, somewhere between the towns of

This pontoon bridge across the Danube River provided a secure crossing for personnel and equipment.

Épinal and Rambervillers, we got into a battle in heavy woods.

Although the Vosges Mountain area of Alsace-Lorraine is a choice part of Europe, we Americans didn't exactly enjoy our sojourn there during the 1944-45 winter. Our relatively rapid advance up the Rhone Valley ended as the enemy became more determined and the weather, as well as terrain, turned against us. Supply became more of a problem. Rations and ammunition had to be taken to the front daily. Hopefully, hot coffee and a sandwich—or at least a slice of bread—would be a daily treat supplementing our K-rations, but it didn't always happen. Also, now that the weather had turned colder, sleeping bags were issued but had to be brought up with the rations and they didn't always make it. The first sleeping bags were lined with GI blanket material. I didn't see a down-filled bag until after the war when I purchased one from war surplus. I seldom slept in a sleeping bag. My job had become a little easier, however, since somewhere along the line I was made commander of the weapons platoon. The weapons platoon consists of three machine gun squads and two mortar squads. The machine guns are the air-cooled variety. One man could carry the gun while another carried the mount. The mortars were 60 mm, light enough for one man to carry the barrel with the attached legs, while another man carried the base. When the company was in action a machine gun squad would be attached to each rifle platoon, while the mortars stayed in the rear with only an observer at the front. Although I frequently acted as observer to direct mortar fire, it beat carrying a rifle on the front line. Communications between observer and

Columns of German prisoners were common scenes near the end of the war.

mortars was a problem. Someone had to carry a reel of wire and a sound-powered telephone, and since the wire was frequently cut by mortar or artillery fire, finding the break and patching it was a never-ending headache.

By early December we had fought our way almost to the German border. The regiment occupied several Alsatian towns while it took on replacements and reorganized. My company was billeted in the town of Schonberg where our company headquarters was in the living room of a farm house. After about a week at Schonberg we were moved to the picturesque town of Reipertsweiler to relieve the 180th Regiment. You could say this was a case of "détente" as we occupied half the town while the enemy occupied the other half, the town being divided by a meadow. We just sat and watched without shooting at each other—well, not very much anyhow. Patrols were sent out a few times. I climbed to the top of a small church that had, instead of a steeple, a very steep-roofed small room which may have served as a belfry. I took a few pictures through a small window, but I didn't stay there long since I could have been mistaken for a sniper.

In February 1945, I was given the job of Battalion Transportation Officer and on March 15, 1945, we launched the drive that would take us across the German border and on to the Rhine River, which we crossed on March 26th, and moved on to lay siege to the city of Aschaffenburg, which fell to our troops on April 9th. From Aschaffenburg we continued in a northeasterly direction for fifty or sixty miles at a rather fast pace, to about the geographical center of Germany. From there they pointed us south toward Nuremberg and Munich.

It was on the afternoon of April 29th that I arrived at Dachau. I stopped near a line of railroad cars not knowing what they contained until someone told me. Then I had to take a look for myself. I climbed onto the linkage

The dead in the concentration camp at Dachau were a disturbing encounter for Crawford and other Americans at the end of the war.

between two cars and peered inside a car. Then I had to go to other cars where I saw more of the same gruesome scenes, dead, emaciated human bodies, dozens of them. I had my 35 mm camera with me and took pictures of contents of five or six cars. No one stopped me so I kept going until I came to the notorious crematory furnaces. They were cold. Nearby were two or three large rooms with dead bodies stacked shoulder high. I thought the rooms must be gas chambers. There must have been hundreds, maybe thousands, of bodies. I tried to take pictures, but it was too dark. I saw a line of guards our men had executed and took a picture of that.

I don't recall spending a night between Dachau and Munich, but I must have done. Several outfits vied for the honor of being first into Munich and it isn't known who the winner was. Two of those outfits were the 42nd and 45th Divisions and there was one armored division. All could have entered simultaneously since they all entered in different places. It was evening when my column got into the outskirts of the city and we set up a motor pool. There was quite a celebration as many of our old buddies who had been "guests" of the Germans rejoined us. When rations were issued that evening there was a chorus of "White Bread" as those boys dived onto it like turkeys on grasshoppers. Of course, they hadn't seen such food in months.

I was never sure just what day was Victory Day in Europe. There was no celebrating that I can remember. I suppose most of us felt the war had been over for a week or more by the time it became official. Anyhow, it seems that May 7, 1945, is considered V-E Day, but all I remember is that I was somewhere in Munich. We were all counting up our "points" to determine

TOP The war damage around the City Hall in Munich is clearly visible in this photograph.
RIGHT J. L. Crawford was part of the occupation force sent into the beautiful mountains of southern Germany and Austria after the war.

if we were eligible to be discharged. I recall that I had eighty-five points, just barely what I needed to get me out. The only problem was that there were so many with more points. We were aware the war was going on in the Pacific and were fairly sure our Division would be sent there.

For a short time I was stationed in a small town on the mountainside above the city of Innsbruck, Austria. It was such a beautiful place, I could have settled down and remained there. If there is a more beautiful place on earth than Southern Germany, Bavaria, Austria, Tyrol and Switzerland, I don't need to see it.

My turn to head for home came in September. We left Germany and crossed much of France by train. The tons of trash we saw deposited in the several railroad stations we went through was evidence that many American soldiers had preceded us. K-ration boxes and other wrappers must have

Homeward bound soldiers on board the USS Lejeune.

been ankle deep along the tracks. The last leg of our land trip was by truck and mostly at night. We were dumped at Camp Lucky Strike near the port of Le Havre where we had breakfast and lunch before embarking on USS *Lejeune*. That ship had been a tender of the *Graf Spee*. I believe it was eight days to the Statue of Liberty.

In going ashore we walked a long way between huge stacks of crates holding half pint cartons of milk. We were invited to help ourselves as we walked along. Some fellows drank three or four, but I have never cared for milk unless I have a slice of bread or piece of pie, so I passed it up. We were allowed one telephone call to home, but there was only one phone in Springdale at the time, so I couldn't take advantage of that perk. I went into New York City with a group of friends and didn't do anything except walk around and look. The next day I was on the train and on my way to Fort Douglas.

I was discharged on September 28, 1945, and took the bus to Parowan. I worked in a garage there for a month or two and got back into school at BYU for the winter quarter 1946 on the GI Bill.

From Gunnison, Utah, to Kagoshima, Japan: The Story of Mary Kimura Tokonami

By LOUISE JAMES

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Mary Kimura was born in 1917 in Garfield, a copper smelter town on the west side of the Salt Lake Valley. Her father, Suekichi Kimura, was a native of the small fishing and farming village of Fukiage-cho on the southern Japanese island of Kyushu. He left Japan in 1904 at the age of nineteen, and after stops in Hawaii and California, arrived in Utah. Kimura kept close ties with Japan sending money to his family including money for his bride, Suyekami "Shige" Maehara. The two were reunited and married in California before taking up residence in Garfield. There they operated a small restaurant for Japanese workers.

Garfield was a rough environment. The clientele were tough and quarrelsome. There were fights, too much alcohol and bad language. Hoping to improve their situation, the Kimura family moved to Bingham Canyon where, for a short time, they ran a boarding house in what was known as "Japtown."

Mary Kimura at the age of seventeen while a student at Gunnison Valley High School.

Finding they did not care for the coarse world of miners and smelter workers and

Louise James resides in Golden, Colorado. She recalls, "I first met Mary Tokonami in 1987, shortly after I arrived with my husband in Japan for a business assignment. During our four and a half years in Kagoshima, Mary became a friend, mother, and grandmother to our children." I wish to thank Mary Tokonami for sharing her story. Her patience in answering endless questions, narrating tapes, and writing down events is appreciated. Thanks also to Mari Taneda of Kagoshima for her help and advice and to my husband Laurence and daughters Heidi and Hilary.

Graduation for the Gunnison Valley High School Senior Class, May 24, 1936. Mary is in the back row, fourth from the right.

preferring the quiet of the countryside, the Kimuras decided to take up farming. In 1919 they purchased ninety-six acres of farmland west of Gunnison at Clarion. Eastern urban Jews had settled Clarion in 1912 as part of the "Back to the Soil" movement. After six years of crop failures in the drought-stricken, highly alkaline land, the Jewish Colonial Association declared bankruptcy. The land was sold and the Kimuras became the first Japanese family in the area.

Most of the people in southern Sanpete County were Mormons, descendants of the original nineteenth century settlers. Everybody knew each other. Neighboring farmers came to help and advise Kimura on how to grow vegetables. Nicknamed "Suye" by the locals, Kimura was a quick learner. He grew cauliflower, celery, broccoli, cabbages and other vegetables, which he hauled by truck to Salt Lake City. Each fall he entered his best crops of vegetables in the Sanpete County and Utah State fairs.

The Kimuras found life good and in time persuaded six other Japanese families to join them as vegetable farmers in the Gunnison area. Nevertheless, as children of Japanese immigrants living in central Utah, the six Kimura children were often caught between two worlds—the Mountain West and the Orient. Only Japanese was spoken in the family and, living in the country, there was not much opportunity to learn English. The children were insecure and shy about speaking English to their non-Japanese neighbors. Suyekami Kimura sought help for her children by having a girl from a neighboring town come and live with them for the first couple of years of Mary's schooling. The live-in girl helped the Kimura

The Kimura Farm about 1940. Mary's father, Suekichi Kimura stands in his cabbage field with the Kimura house and outbuildings in the background.

children learn English and assimilate the American customs.

However, their Japanese language and practices were not forgotten. The Kimuras and their Japanese neighbors established a Japanese summer school under the direction of a teacher imported from Salt Lake City. Including the Kimura children, as many as thirty pupils attended the school where they memorized Japanese characters, painstakingly practiced calligraphy, improved their reading skills, and learned traditional etiquette and dance.

Mary graduated from Gunnison Valley High School in 1936, the first of her family to graduate from an American high school. She was one of the most popular students. It was the time of the Great Depression and the Sanpete County farmers suffered from a prolonged drought. Believing it was an opportune time to travel to Japan, Mary agreed to accompany her mother, twelve-year old brother Tom, and ten-year old sister Ida to Japan where they would live in southern Kyushu with relatives supported by money sent from her father who remained in Gunnison. The extended stay would offer a good opportunity to become acquainted with relatives, learn more about Japan and its culture, and improve their education. The trip began in December 1936 with a train trip from Salt Lake City to San Francisco where the four Kimuras boarded the *Taiyomaru* for the voyage across the Pacific to Yokohama, Japan.

From Yokohama the Kimuras traveled thirty-six hours by train to Kagoshima. It was year's end and the train was packed with people going home to visit family for the holiday, as was the custom. There were no seats available. The Kimuras sat on their trunks in the aisle of the train car as the train worked its way south to the southern Honshu city of Shimonoseki.

There, at the end of the line, they unloaded their belongings and rushed to catch the half-hour ferry ride to the connecting town of Hakata on the island of Kyushu. They had been dutifully warned earlier by a friend to run all the way because there were never enough seats on the southbound Kyushu train. As predicted, once the ferry docked, everyone ran like mad to the waiting train. The Kimuras, loaded with their belongings, were too late to get seats and were forced once again to sit on their trunks in the aisle of the train car. As the journey became more difficult, doubt began to set in. Mary began to question why she had ever left Utah. By the time they finally arrived in Fukiage-cho, they were too tired to care about anything. The long anticipated introduction to loving relatives turned into a very uncomfortable situation. The children's knowledge of Japanese was insufficient to adequately communicate with their relatives. Suyekami Kimura started crying hysterically. Her children thought it was because of the long frustrating trip, however they later learned that their uncle, their father's brother, had died the day before and their mother was grieving at the news. As part of the grieving process, the children were expected to be sad too.

Mary's initial feelings about Japan were mixed. The country was crowded, the Depression had created widespread poverty, transportation was slow and inconvenient, houses were uncomfortably cold, and the food was quite different from what she had eaten in Utah. In addition, her relatives called her by her nearly forgotten Japanese name—Fusae, instead of Mary.

Suyekami Kimura stayed with her children for three months and then returned to Utah leaving them in the care of her sister who enrolled them in school. Mary attended a Japanese high school where she found she was weak in calligraphy, reading, and spoken Japanese. The students sat on a hard wooden floor "Japanese style," with knees folded under, and backs straight. For one not used to sitting in this position for an entire school day, it was excruciatingly painful. Mary's legs ached and often it was difficult for her to walk when standing was permitted. Furthermore, the school was unheated in the winter and sweltering hot in the humid summer. Mary's short, curly hairstyle was out of place in traditional Japan. Discouraged, Mary soon dropped out of school. A friend urged her to move to Tokyo and there enroll in a dress making school located in the center of the bustling city. Western style clothing was just becoming fashionable and Mary sensed a business opportunity.

Mary enjoyed the clothing school and life in Tokyo. Aside from trips to Salt Lake City with her father in his vegetable truck, she had never experienced big city life. She lived with her friend Kyoko in a boarding house near the school. The two friends enjoyed visits to nearby art galleries, gardens, and movie theaters where American films were shown.

After a year war grew imminent. Mary's relatives in Kagoshima insisted that she return and live with them but Mary was reluctant to leave Tokyo. Back in Kagoshima, she enrolled in a Japanese arts school—a "finishing

school" where young ladies learned traditional skills such as *ikebana* (flower arranging), *chanoyu* (tea ceremony), dancing, cooking, playing the Japanese *koto* (Japanese harp), *shodo* (calligraphy), and the art of dressing in a kimono. The school prepared young women for marriage and most of the students graduated to become properly trained wives for young men with bright futures.

Mary's brothers Harry (left) and Mike (right) stand with their sister Sara (center) with their parents seated in front of them.

One day some guests visited the school. As part of her training, Mary was asked to go into the room and serve tea. Such hospitality also included entertaining the guests with small talk. A young man accompanied one of the older female guests. While kneeling to serve tea, she recognized one of the women as a local *omiai* or marriage broker. Marriages in Japan were still arranged affairs, just as they had been in her mother's time. Mary soon realized that in addition to the *omiai*, she was also being observed by the prospective bridegroom and his aunts. Mary performed her task of serving them tea and providing them with hospitality. Finished, she went home and thought nothing more of the event.

Meanwhile Mary's Nisei friend living in the west-central Kyushu city of Kumamoto had returned from a trip to the United States with a gift for Mary. It was a box of clothing from her mother in Gunnison. Ecstatic, Mary quickly took the train up to Kumamoto. She was so happy to see her friend, hear news from Utah, and get new clothes. Mary stayed in Kumamoto for two weeks giving no thought as to what might be happening back in Kagoshima.

Returning to Kagoshima, she found her relatives were furious. She had run off without appropriately finishing the business with the *omiai* and had neglected to give the man and his aunts an answer regarding marriage. It was not an easy time with her relatives, the *omiai*, the prospective husband or his aunts. All were angry with her for not realizing the seriousness of the situation.

By now Mary could not go home. Communications between Japan and the United States had ceased. Her parents were no longer able to send money for the care of their three children in Kagoshima. Times were now hard in Japan. Relatives were finding it more difficult to feed and care for their American nieces and nephew.

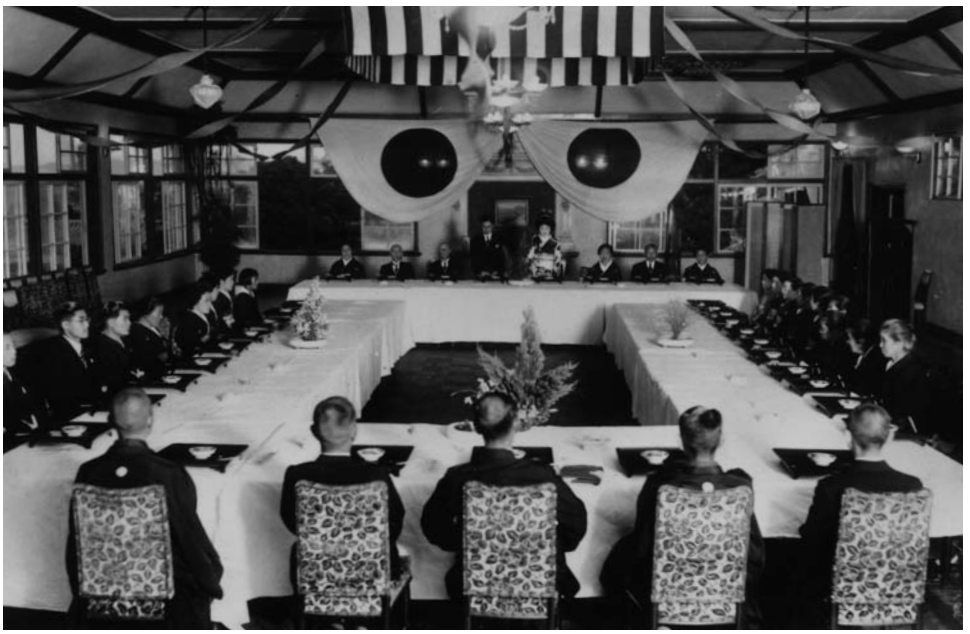
Mary, in traditional Japanese dress, and Kiyohiko on their wedding day — May 19, 1940.

Despite attempts at schooling, Mary still felt she had no means to earn a living. She lacked skills as well as being deficient in Japanese. Her grandmother and aunts all advised Mary to take the marriage offer even though the bridegroom was considerably older. Kiyohiko Tokonami was a graduate of Tokyo's prestigious Waseda University—owned a house and land, and had a good job in the local government. He also agreed to care for Mary's brother Tom and sister Ida if she married him.

Mary's wedding took place on May 19, 1940, at Kakumaikan in Kagoshima City. She wore a traditional bridal kimono and a rented, five-pound wig in the ancient time honored hairstyle of Japanese brides. She recalled little of the ceremony because the wig was so heavy and uncomfortable. She suffered through the ceremony and reception meal.

Mary and her new husband set up a household during the difficult war years. With her hair grown out, Mary blended in with everyone else. Following Pearl Harbor she put away all her books on the United States and refrained from speaking English. Two sons were born to Mary and Kiyohiko. Young Koichi and Katsuji were not taught English but were taught Japanese ways. She did not want to cause suspicion. Disloyalty to Japan or the United States was never an issue. Mary never discussed the war with her Japanese neighbors and friends. Nor did they bring up the subject with her, knowing it would only make her sad. Relatives and friends all knew she was very worried about her Utah family.

As the tide of the war changed, Japan found itself on the defensive. The



Mary and Kiyohiko standing at the head of the table during their wedding party at the Kakumaikan Hotel.

people of southern Kyushu began to worry about a possible invasion as Allied forces moved across the Pacific toward Japan. American war planes in the fall of 1944 regularly bombed Kagoshima as well as other towns in southern Kyushu. As the bombings worsened, Mary's husband ordered her and their two sons to leave the city. Securing transportation for some of their furniture and a few belongings, the three made their way to Mary's grandmother in Fukiage. That city, too, had been bombed. It was feared that the city's beautiful beach would be a possible landing place for the Allied invasion of Kyushu.

Mary's grandmother's house in Fukiage was already filled with Mary's aunt, her husband and their two children, who had moved in earlier. Mary and her two sons were resigned to living in a small shack on her grandmother's property. Earlier it had been a farm building for storing harvested grains. When Mary and her family moved in it was filthy, littered with straw and other barn refuse. After a great deal of cleaning, Mary and her boys settled into the shack that resembled a one-room cabin. Despite her efforts to clean the shack, her two boys, Koichi and Katsuji cried nearly every night from the biting fleas and begged their mother for relief. In May 1945, Mary's third son, Tetsuo, was born in the shack.

American bombers became a more frequent sight over southern Kyushu. As planes approached, a warning siren sounded and it was necessary to seek shelter in a bombproof shelter. Nighttime sirens were always the most terrifying. The dash for safety took them from their grandmother's property across an open field to a nearby cave in the mountains. Every time the

When the Kimura house burned, neighbors and friends helped construct this new house about 1942.

planes descended, it was a frightening run. The planes would begin by shooting over the village and then they would proceed with bombing the nearby village before coming to Fukiage. While her aunt and family dashed across the field to safety, Mary struggled as she half ran with baby in arms and her two boys clinging onto her skirt. They scrambled as fast as they could across the rutted field to the cave.

Once inside, the baby would start to cry, upsetting the others in the cave. Everyone was scared and suspicious. People demanded Mary silence the baby's crying immediately. They feared the pilots would hear the screaming baby and start shooting directly into the cave. Feelings of hopelessness increased for Mary and her three children. Constant hunger, fatigue, and fear took their toll. Mary considered these times as her darkest hours during the war years.

Meanwhile, her husband remained in their Kagoshima house and carried on with his duties at city hall. Ninety percent of Kagoshima was destroyed from the bombing by American airplanes. The destruction of Kagoshima was even worse than at Fukiage. It was Kiyohiko's job to assist families who had lost their homes and help them find new shelter, an endless, if not impossible task.

Because it was too dangerous for Kiyohiko to remain in their Kagoshima home, he and some of his fellow workers moved to a crude shack in the mountains near Yoshino. There, they slept in the shack at nighttime and worked at city hall during the day.

Convinced that the bombing would become even more severe, Kiyohiko was able to secure a vehicle and traveled to Fukiage to pick up Mary and their three sons and transport them to a safer village in the mountains. Kiyohiko returned to Kagoshima to continue working at his job. During the last month of the war Mary and sons lived in a small house with the brother of a woman who helped cook and do laundry for Kiyohiko in Kagoshima.

August 15, 1945, was a momentous day for the people of Japan. Mary and nearly everyone else in Japan listened intently to a radio broadcast in which the Emperor, Hirohito, told his people that the war had ended and that everyone must lay down their weapons of war. In a later radio message all women and children were ordered to go into the mountains for safety,

fearing the American soldiers might harm them. Mary's host took her and her children even higher into the mountains where they spent a night under the stars. Nothing happened, and Mary and her children returned to the house the next day where they remained for a month.

At the end of September 1945, Mary and her boys along with their few remaining belongings hired a horse cart and returned to their home in Kagoshima. Her house had been damaged. There were no doors and some of the walls were missing, but it was still standing. Mary considered herself fortunate.

After the war, Mary worked as an English interpreter. In this photograph Mary walks between an unidentified American officer and the mayor of Kagoshima during a visit by the United States Navy Fleet in 1955.

The Tokonamis were also fortunate that Kiyohiko still had his job at city hall. During the war many government workers and some of Kiyohiko's fellow workers had fled Kagoshima to the countryside to live with relatives. After the war they returned and were promptly fired. They had not carried out their job responsibilities of taking care of the local people. Kiyohiko had been a responsible worker and had stayed and did his job at city hall.

Mary's brother Tom also encountered great difficulties during the war. Despite family beliefs that he wouldn't be drafted, he had been called up to serve in the Japanese military. Dubbed "the American," he was mistreated and harassed by officers and regular soldiers. He was assigned to a small, two-man suicide submarine and ordered south towards a fleet of Allied ships near Okinawa. After a nerve-wracking trip in the mini sub, the two men were fired upon, but escaped. A second mission to Okinawa was equally unsuccessful. Tom survived the war but faced mental health problems. He had a deep hatred for Japan because he had not been given permission earlier to return to America.

During the war years, it had been impossible for Mary to receive any

Mary stands at her front door in Kagoshima, Japan, in this photograph taken on April 28, 2001.

word from her family in Utah. In 1946 through the Red Cross, she finally received a telegram with the important question: "Are you all right?" Mary wired back "We are fine." Mary later learned that during the war her parents' home in Clarion had caught fire from the woodstove chimney and had been completely destroyed. With the help of friends and neighbors, Suye built a new house while doing his part for the war effort by producing an abundance of vegetables.

Soon after the war, life in Japan slowly improved for Mary and her family. As part of the United States occupation, Marines moved into the nearby high school where they lived for the next several years. Mary was able to obtain work as a translator for the occupation forces, which included medical personnel. Mary frequently traveled the muddy, bomb-cratered countryside with personnel providing medical assistance. Dysentery, scabies, tuberculosis and other diseases were rampant and Japanese civilians depended upon the United States for medical help. Mary found the job to have more benefits than just money. It had been a long time since she had been around Americans. She enjoyed the causal, easy-going manner of the GI's. The doctors occasionally gave her hard-to-come-by medical supplies for her family including streptomycin for treatment of Kiyohiko's tuberculosis.

As the demand for English continued to grow, Mary became popular not only as a translator but also as a teacher. Mary continued to work well into her eighties. Her life, from her birth in the smelter-town of Garfield, Utah, in 1917, her childhood and youth in Sanpete County, early adulthood in wartime Japan, and the postwar decades of fostering good will between her native land—America, and the land of her ancestors and family—Japan, is a remarkable story that traces across most of the twentieth century connecting the mountains and valleys of Utah with the villages and mountains of Japan.

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Chicago Charlie and the Bingham Canyon Victory Flag Society

By MIRIAM B. MURPHY

Greek immigrant Carl Zahos, "Chicago Charlie," was unquestionably one of the more colorful individuals to take up residence in the copper-mining hub of Bingham Canyon, Utah. Unfortunately, in the two decades before his death in 1981 he became more known for his eccentricities than for his great community service during World War II. The *Bingham Bulletin* called him an extraordinary patriot.[1] And indeed he was. He was absolutely dedicated to supporting the local men and women who served in the armed forces—almost eight hundred individuals. His imagination pumped out idea after idea for projects to raise morale on the home front as well as the battlefront. Keeping the "boys and

Hundreds of letters sent to Chicago Charlie were bundled and placed inside a copper time capsule originally placed in the base of the World War II Memorial Monument at Bingham High School .

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[1] *Bingham Bulletin*, December 24, 1943.

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Carl Zenos — better known as Chicago Charlie.

girls" in uniform in touch with each other and with the hometown folks via newsletters and yearbooks was his number one concern. He also raised funds for a memorial honoring veterans and created pin-up girls for lonely soldiers to write to.

Chicago Charlie wanted nothing but the best for those serving miles from home. His pet project, the Victory Flag Society, founded on April 27, 1943, provided what every soldier, sailor, and marine needed most—news from home and about friends stationed around the world.[2] As Gunners Mate 3/C Daniel George Beres wrote in a May 24, 1943, letter to Charlie: "Don't forget to write! Please That's all we servicemen do is wait for mail." Fred Hoine, writing from the South Pacific early in 1943 agreed: "I can stand the heat, rain and mosquitoes…but I can't stand not hearing from home."[3] Similar pleas arrived in Charlie's mailbox almost daily.

Bingham's far-flung warriors treasured each newsletter and shared it with their buddies from other parts of America. Many a soldier and sailor wished that his hometown offered a similar morale booster for its servicemen. It appears that Bingham's Victory Flag Society—at least on the scale Charlie and Co. achieved—was unique in America.

Charlie encouraged GIs to write letters filled with as much news as military censors would allow. The VFS compiled and edited these accounts and also collected local mining camp news and gossip. Thus, each newsletter contained a unique blend of news along with Charlie's banter and put-ons.

Recipients of the March 1, 1944, issue, for example, read about the marriage of 1st Lt. Jack Christensen, a local boy, to Nurse Corps 2d Lt. Marjorie Anderson, a Californian, on furlough in Bingham, and that the Fourth War Loan Drive was the most successful to date. In the name of all Bingham military personnel the VFS had sent a "beautiful floral offering" to the funeral of Rex Johnson who had died from complications of Dengue fever contracted in the South Pacific. Characteristically, the newsletter ended on a lighter note, advising those who complained about

[2] Unless otherwise noted all material pertaining to the Victory Flag Society cited herein is from the Victory Flag Society Collection, MSS B1563, Utah State Historical Society Library, Salt Lake City. Originals are in the archives of Kennecott Copper Corp. The collection includes photocopies of some 400 letters, mostly from Bingham Canyon military personnel, filed alphabetically by author/date, VFS newsletters filed by date, and three yearbooks published by the VFS. Items in the collection are easily retrievable and will be cited as briefly as possible by type, author, and date as needed.

[3] C. Fred Hoine letters of January 10, March 18, 1943.

the cold where they were stationed that the weather was worse in Bingham, with howling winds of 240 mph and a snow depth of thirty feet. So, "You shut up and don't call me a liar. I'm the one who measured the snow." Typical Chicago Charlie.

Who, exactly, was Carl Zahos and his larger-than-life alter ego Chicago Charlie? The best account of his life to date is the one published in the *Bingham Bulletin* on December 24, 1943, titled "Chicago Charlie—Patriot."[4] It appeared eight months after the founding of the Victory Flag Society. By then the mining community had had ample opportunity to evaluate the worth of Charlie's pet project. They rated it A+:

> Carl Zahos, known to all of Bingham as Chicago Charlie, diverts his self-generating energy to any patriotic service with an individuality and showmanship that have made him the undisputed No. 1 man in community war projects in Bingham Canyon. Chicago Charlie, above all others, is deserving of the title of "patriot".

The lengthy article says he was born May 23, 1899, in Agion Vacilion Kynovrias, eighty miles northeast of Sparta, a son of Kyriakos and Argiro Karavite Zahos. At age eleven he was sent to America to join an uncle in Chicago. After three years of school he took to the road as a hobo and traveled cross-country by rail until arrested for vagrancy and released to the custody of his uncle. At age seventeen he signed on to a ship transporting horses for the French army.

After numerous adventures, the willful and sometimes wayward teenager volunteered in the Greek army, trained as a machine gunner, and "saw action in 44 engagements, some major and some minor,…at fronts in Macedonia and Thrace…." He was wounded in the right leg and hip and personally decorated by King Alexander of Greece.[5]

In 1922 Charlie returned to Chicago where he became an American citizen on November 26, 1926. Eventually, "His energy, snap and a talent for getting support of others brought him a degree of prosperity" in commission sales of fruits and vegetables. After amassing more than nineteen thousand dollars—a substantial amount in those times—Charlie began playing the horses. He lost most of his savings and, on the advice of his uncle, left Chicago and its temptations.[6]

In November 1938 he secured a job at the Utah Copper Company (UCC) in Bingham Canyon, Utah (badge number 1286). Almost immediately his organizational genius kicked in, and he soon "brought together a

[4] Lynn R. Bailey's story of Chicago Charlie in *Old Reliable: A History of Bingham Canyon, Utah* (Tucson, AZ: Westernlore Press, 1988), 180, appears to have used the *Bingham Bulletin* account cited above as its source. Unfortunately, later accounts of Charlie—see for example Dawn House, "Boastful 'Chicago Charlie' makes history at last," *Salt Lake Tribune*, January 19, 2004—focus on his eccentricities rather than his very real accomplishments more than a half-century earlier.

[5] *Bingham Bulletin*, December 24, 1943. The article states that military records and Charlie's medal substantiated his story. Details of a forty-seven day battle against Bulgarian troops that began on August 1, 1918, and in which Charlie participated are included.

[6] Ibid.

group of 'Copperfield Good Fellows' who sponsored a Christmas tree for youngsters and held socials." He also "did all he could…to add color to the parades and street shows" associated with the mining community's annual Galena Days celebration.[7] Obituaries add only a few more genealogical details to his life. In 1952 Charlie married Freda Anpologutis, a woman from Crete. Charlie died on April 2, 1981. Freda died on August 10, 2000, survived by a daughter and a granddaughter.[8]

Speculating on the origins of the Victory Flag Society, the local newspaper said that Charlie, on vacation in Chicago in August 1942, felt depressed because eight months after Pearl Harbor "the people of Bingham did not seem to 'know we were at war.'" The Chicago trip was an eye-opener for him. Streetcars and public places there were painted and decorated in red, white, and blue. Patriotic displays in the windows of the famous Marshall Field department store and other businesses as well as giant service flags overwhelmed him with patriotism, and he "resolved…that Bingham should have a community service flag, the largest and finest he could procure."[9]

On his return home, Charlie's enthusiasm initially hit a wall of skepticism, but by then his zeal was unstoppable. After his daily shift at Utah Copper he began collecting photographs and souvenirs from local men and women in the armed services for use in a patriotic display. Soon his efforts bore fruit, and the various Bingham Canyon towns, businesses, churches, and civic organizations threw their support behind the objectives of the VFS. Charlie played it smart, getting community leaders to serve as the organization's top officers, often styling himself the supreme janitor.

Charlie bought toy tanks, planes, and trucks with his own money to create a background for the photographs of soldiers, sailors, and marines in the Society Hall window. He added a border of his own war bonds—he bought one every month—to encourage others to provide monetary support for the war. The *Bingham Bulletin* announced the opening of the display with a short article stating that it had been "arranged by a committee of the Independent Association of Mine Workers under direction of Carl Zahos."[10]

Meanwhile, Charlie was using every means possible to secure money for the Victory Flag Society, founded April 27, 1943, including the sale of "Axis Hunting Licenses." His plans, which stretched far beyond a window display, required funding. By May 1943 the VFS had 256 members and $348. Charlie, never shy, even called upon Louis Buchman, general superintendent of mines for Utah Copper Company, and secured a twenty-five dollar donation.

The *Bingham Bulletin* outlined the VFS's first major program:

[7] Ibid.
[8] *Salt Lake Tribune*, August 11, 2000.
[9] *Bingham Bulletin*, December 24, 1943.
[10] *Bingham Bulletin*, December 11, 1942.

> Bingham district's Victory flag will be displayed for the first time at 8:30 p.m. Saturday, May 29, at the Princess theatre.
>
> According to Chicago Charlie (Carl Zahos) the society has collected enough money to pay for the flag and to conduct a raffle. A $25 war bond will be sent to a man in service whose name will be drawn by lot.[11]

Charlie also announced that the first VFS publication was in the works and would be "ready for mailing soon."

With Flag Day approaching, Bingham residents planned an ambitious program of activities that included a military parade, a baseball game, a free dance at the Civic Center, and a "Salute to Our Heroes" program at Bingham Central School that included the unveiling of the VFS service flag.[12]

Columbia Pictures actress Anita Louise with Chicago Charlie during her November 1944 visit to Utah Copper Co. She was proud that a community the size of Bingham had so many in the armed forces.

Charlie knew from his own wartime experience the loneliness of a soldier a thousand miles from home.[13] Mail was the ordinary means of communication with family and friends, but during World War II the sheer volume of mail and especially its weight eventually became a problem. Ships and planes loaded with vital military supplies had limited space for hometown newspapers and bulky letters. V-mail (letters photographically reduced) became widely used for personal messages.

Charlie wanted to find a way to get more news to those serving in the military. The *Bingham Bulletin*, published every Friday, may have given him the idea for a VFS newsletter. During the war years each issue of the *Bulletin* contained a front-page feature called the "Fightin' Binghamites

[11] Ibid., May 21, 1943.
[12] Ibid., June 11, 1943.
[13] See Charlie's "To the Men and Women Who Are Serving Uncle Sam" in *The Glory of Bingham Canyon, Utah, 1941-1944* (Bingham, Utah:VFS, 1944), 72-73.

Report" with news gleaned from letters written to the newspaper or shared by local families.

The VFS began soliciting mail continuously from those in the military. The monthly (usually) newsletter was printed on standard 8.5 x 11 paper and mailed free to military personnel from Bingham. Friends and family members could obtain free copies to include in their own correspondence. Leland G. Burress, editor and publisher of the *Bingham Bulletin*, may have printed the newsletters at cost, but community groups often shared the expense.[14] Burress was an active supporter of the VFS and printed the organization's three yearbooks. Postage was a major additional expense and one reason why Charlie was always organizing dances, raffles, and other fund-raising activities.

One can understand why the chatty newsletters quickly became popular. The October 1, 1943, issue noted that the grass skirt Freddie Hoine had sent home from the Pacific would be raffled off at the VFS dance on October 8. Charlie told servicemen Max Johnson, Gordon Burke, Ben Montoya, and Bob Williams he was sorry they did not "have any whiskey to drink. Joe Scussel is still selling it to us. We are waiting anxiously for your pictures." Two men contributed some verse. Dale Johnston penned this:

> Breathes there a Kraut with soul so dead
> Who ne'er unto himself hath said—
> "We've retreated practically all the way from Cairo.
> When will these dumkopf Amerikaners admit that they're licked?"

The newsletter dated April 27, 1944, the first anniversary of the founding of the VFS, claimed that to date the publication had reached men from the Aleutian Islands to Australia and from India and Africa to England and Siberia. Plus, the organization had received 1,783 letters in response. Charlie teased UCC boss Louis Buchman about adopting a General MacArthur attitude with the company's workers and reported on the local hospital blood drive and a train derailment at the Auxiliary Yards. Almost a dozen letters were cited, and one from Pfc Betty Bush was printed in full. Writing from a Women's Army Corps (WAC) encampment in Italy, she thanked Charlie and the VFS for all they were doing. She got "a big kick" out of the newsletters and reported nonmilitary news from her unit, including a fire that burned several holes in the tent she shared with four other WACs and the adoption of a "cute…white bunny…tame as the dickens." Charlie asked those stationed in the Mediterranean area to suggest a name for the rabbit and send it via the VFS. He was constantly encouraging a sense of community among those serving near each other. He concluded by noting that at least forty Binghamites were currently stationed in Italy

[14] A letter to the VFS from the Bingham District Athletic Association, October 23, 1944, states that the Board of Governors of the organization wanted "the honor of again paying the expenses of the…monthly letter."

and suggested they "get together and drink the wine cellars dry…if Hitler's thirsty, starving and weak race [of] yes men left any….don't give up….there will be a new grape harvest soon."

Pin-up girl Susan Montana.

A few general observations may be made about the letters written to the VFS or to Charlie personally. According to Louis Cononelos, Director for Government Affairs at Kennecott, some forty ethnic groups lived in the "rough-and-tumble settlements" surrounding the copper mine. Many, if not most, of the letter writers were the sons and daughters of immigrants and had no more than a high school education. However, they seem well aware of world affairs, and their written English is almost always correct and at times eloquent. Take, for example, Pfc. Nick Melich's letter of November 20, 1943, written from Iran. After thanking the community for the yearbook he had received, he penned a poignant Christmas message:

> May the star that shone so brightly many centuries ago…shine once again and fill your hearts with greater hope, faith, and happiness, and guide soon safely back to you those who love you so dearly.
>
> And when once again the dark clouds roll by this upset world, and the sun once again shines, may there exist in man a greater bond of human kindness, understanding, and friendship.

Almost all of those writing to Charlie or the VFS were young, unmarried males far from home for the first time. One should not be surprised, therefore, by the content of many letters. Not intended for the eyes of family members, fiancées, or even friends, the letters often focussed on wine, women, and song—to put it politely. Susan Montana, one of the pinup girls Charlie created was an instant hit with newsletter recipients. Requests for her autographed photo came from Bingham's GIs as well as their buddies with whom they shared the newsletter. It was probably good for morale that "the boys" could express themselves freely to Charlie. Beyond the locker-room chat, however, many letters are full of details about daily life and the war's progress, carefully chosen to not provoke the censors.

One soldier, Takeo Mochizuki, penned a series of letters to the VFS as his unit moved through the cities of North Africa en route to "the shattered ruins of Naples." Plenty of liquor was available in Africa and France, he said, especially champagne, wine, and cognac. He and other GIs used their cigarette rations for barter as they had more buying power than cash. Although there was no place like America, Takeo emphasized, he hoped to

Easter Greetings 1944.

get a pass to visit Rome. Meanwhile, he was trying to learn a little Italian, noting its similarities with Spanish. The French and Arabic languages, though, proved more difficult for him. Still, in a later letter, written from France, he commented on how friendly the French were.

Takeo's unit suffered heavy casualties during the next six weeks and

Many of those who served in the military from Bingham Canyon attended high school at Bingham High School in Copperton.

received a presidential citation. He mentioned visiting celebrities like opera singer Lily Pons who entertained the troops in Italy. And in the bombed city of Cecina, he talked with an Italian mother who was proud of her son serving in the U.S. Marines.

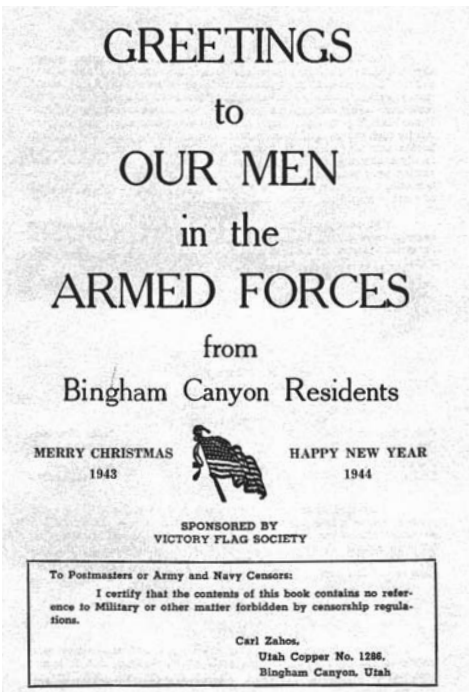
By November his outfit was fighting in heavily wooded country on the way to Germany and facing fierce resistance. News of the reelection of Franklin D. Roosevelt as the U.S. president had reached the front lines, and Takeo was glad, although he was not old enough to vote. He did not complain about the war's hardships, but he did emphasize that he would never again be able to face "Vienna sausages, Spam, beans, and various types of hash."

When winter came Takeo and his fellow soldiers slogged through the muddy countryside of Italy and France, and he felt as if he were carrying a couple of tons of weight on his shoes. He was grateful to be able to spend part of the holidays in Nice on a pass. Takeo's unit, the fabled 442d Regimental Combat Team, composed of Japanese Americans, was the most highly decorated in the war.[15]

Another soldier, John A. Chipian, described his training at Camp Hood, Texas, as part of a tank destroyer unit. Though besieged by wood ticks and chiggers, Chipian said that the sounds of mock battle reminded him of home and the frequent blasting at Utah Copper's mine.

A year and a half later, writing from a hospital in France, Chipian told Charlie that it had been "a rough grind all the way from Normandy to the Brittany Peninsula, and then across the continent to the Siegfried line and Hitler's stinking Hinterland. Most people cannot realize how much blood and guts it took for the American boys to smash their way into Germany." Suffering from pleurisy and flat feet, Chipian expected to be reassigned to a job easier on his feet than that of an infantryman. Through it all, he said, the VFS newsletters had been a big morale booster for him.[16]

[15] Takeo Mochizuki letters of June 18, July 30, November 9, 1944, and January 28, 1945.
[16] John A. Chipian letters of June 7, 1943, and November 30, 1944.


GREETINGS
to
OUR MEN
in the
ARMED FORCES
from
Bingham Canyon Residents
MERRY CHRISTMAS 1943
HAPPY NEW YEAR 1944
SPONSORED BY VICTORY FLAG SOCIETY
To Postmasters or Army and Navy Censors:
I certify that the contents of this book contains no reference to Military or other matter forbidden by censorship regulations.
Carl Zahos,
Utah Copper No. 1286.
Bingham Canyon, Utah


The GLORY of BINGHAM CANYON UTAH
1941 - 1944
Sponsored by
VICTORY FLAG SOCIETY
Merry Christmas 1944
Happy New Year 1945
TO POSTMASTERS OR ARMY & NAVY CENSORS:
I certify that the contents of this book contains no reference to military or other matters forbidden by censorship regulations,
Carl Zahos,
Utah Copper Company No. 1286,
Bingham Canyon, Utah.

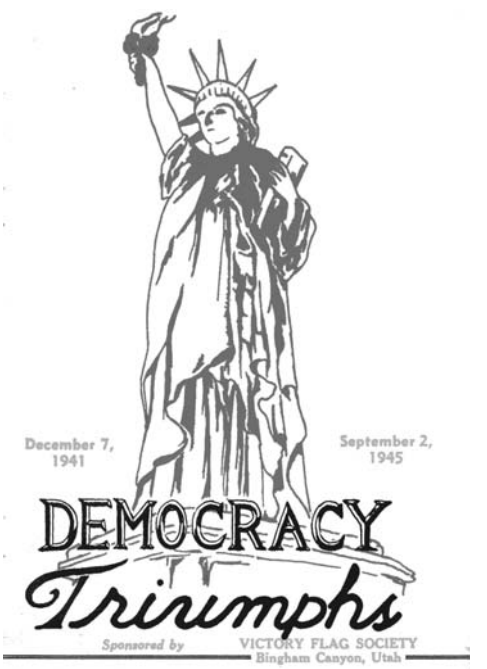
The 1943 and 1944 Victory Flag Society Christmas books.

S/Sgt Harry McDonald also traveled to Germany via Italy. Writing from the Anzio beachhead in March 1944, he reported large numbers of German troops and aircraft trying to push back the Allied offensive, but enemy planes were shot down "as soon as they come out in the open." He enjoyed the VFS Christmas letter of 1944 and asked for the military addresses of Bingham men serving in Italy. Like most GIs he hungered to see a familiar face from home.

In June, McDonald witnessed the fall of Rome. It was still a very beautiful city, he noted, and not as damaged as other Italian cities he had seen. When his outfit crossed the Siegfried Line and the Rhine and Main rivers he had not had time to write, he explained in a letter dated ten months later.[17]

Fred Hoine, mentioned above, wrote many letters to Charlie. Promoted to master sergeant, he wrote from the Pacific that his unit had moved and conditions were worse. He had mailed a grass skirt to Charlie (who wanted such items to raffle off or put on display) but had not had time to send a Japanese helmet full of coral. Later, Hoine acquired Japanese battle flags and sold a Japanese sword for three hundred dollars. He thanked Charlie for visiting his parents and giving them some deer meat. Such acts of kindness, especially during the war, tell more about Charlie's character than the outlandish outfits and outspoken comments of his later years that some in the local community found embarrassing.[18]

[17] Harry McDonald letters of March 15, and June 7, 1944, and April 6, 1945.
[18] C. Fred Hoine letters of September 25, and November 26, 1944.



The 1945 Victory Flag Society Yearbook.

Mike Gerbich was one of several letter writers who wished they could tell Charlie more about their location and duties in the South Pacific. Unable to reveal those details, Gerbich discussed a common misery for those stationed in the tropics—the mosquitoes: "They have an awful disposition and…fight with each other to see who is to have the honor of…the first bite." Then, at night, spiders and lizards vied to see which would occupy his bunk. Still, he continued, "I…do not have a thing to complain about that really matters….You and I and all free peoples of the world know in our hearts who is going to win this war."

A year later, Gerbich shared the good news of meeting with some "boys from home." On Guadalcanal he had enjoyed a "real swell time" visiting with Sam Gavich, Frank Callen, and Howard Bellows. Such chance meetings, along with the monthly VFS newsletters, boosted Gerbich's morale enormously. McCay Pollock agreed. He was driving a ten-wheel truck at an advanced naval base in the summer of 1944. He liked the duty and was especially glad to see a lot of men from Bingham. He thought everyone owed Chicago Charlie a vote of thanks.[19]

Charles Baughman offered another description of the ubiquitous South Pacific pest: "Mosquitoes are so darn big that when one gets under your bed net, well you just move out. Am going to try and send you a picture of one."[20]

Pete Rakich, writing in 1945, noted that after three and a half years with the army in the Pacific—Hawaii, Guadalcanal, the Solomon Islands, New Zealand, New Caledonia (a "terrible place"), and the Philippines—he would not trade Bingham Canyon for any place he had seen. After so many battles with the Japanese, he said that his memory of home had begun to fade until the VFS newsletter arrived. Among his many souvenirs was a Japanese flute he promised to send for the VFS to display.[21]

WAC Pfc Mildred C. Calvin, stationed in New Guinea, enjoyed her stint in the South Pacific where she worked on V-mail. With the holidays com-

[19] Mike Gerbich letters of February 4, and August 17, 1944, and McCay Pollock letter of February 24, 1945.

[20] Charles Baughman letter of April 20, 1944.

[21] Pete Rakich letter of May 20, 1945.

ing up she was very busy but still got Sunday off. She took boat trips to nearby islands and native villages and told of the "beautiful beaches just like the movies."[22]

Around the same time, Ensign Batista Rosa, a torpedo officer on the destroyer USS *Hart*, typed a detailed account of his travels with the navy. After twelve "glorious days with my wife and new baby" in Bingham, he had reported to the naval base in Norfolk, Virginia, and was sent on to Casco Bay, Maine, for special training. Then, he crossed the continent to Treasure Island in California for more training with the crew that would serve on the USS *Hart*. After the destroyer was commissioned at the Puget Sound Navy Yard on November 4, 1944, the officers and men conducted a two-month shakedown cruise before sailing for Pearl Harbor. Then the ship took part in the invasion of Okinawa. Rosa included some Japanese invasion money with his letter and asked Charlie to tell everyone hello for him.[23]

The formal surrender of Japan on September 2, 1945, ended the war in the Pacific. Pete Gerbich, aboard the USS *Bosque*, wrote to Charlie the following day about his ship's arrival in Yokohama. It was like coming into "our own port…you should have seen all the [U.S.] ships that were here, and on top of that…more planes overhead than a person could count…fighters to B-29s and boy were we glad to see them."[24] S2/C Scott K. Lipsey felt a similar elation when his ship sailed into Tokyo Bay and he saw a U.S. flag flying over the Japanese naval base.[25]

These samples from the VFS collection of some four hundred letters give an idea of the interests and concerns of the Bingham area service personnel.[26]

The weekly issues of the *Bingham Bulletin* contain much of the history of the VFS, beginning with the December 11, 1942, notice, cited above, about the Society Hall display sponsored by the Independent Association of Mine Workers. Six months later Chicago Charlie announced that a new display at Society Hall was in the works and asked relatives of servicemen and women to send in their photographs. The purpose of the updated display and all of the VFS's efforts was "to make the morale in Bingham Canyon the best in the nation."[27]

The VFS continuously asked for the names and photographs of those in the armed forces, and it also held numerous fundraisers to purchase a memorial plaque for City Hall. Dances were especially popular. One held at the Civic Center on January 25, for example, cost fifty cents per person. Highland Boy sponsored the accompanying social with all proceeds—

[22] Mildred C. Calvin letter of December 3, 1944. Her husband Alfred was also in the service. They were one of a few such military couples mentioned in the VFS records.

[23] Batista Rosa letter of May 19, 1945.

[24] Pete Gerbich letter of September 3, 1945.

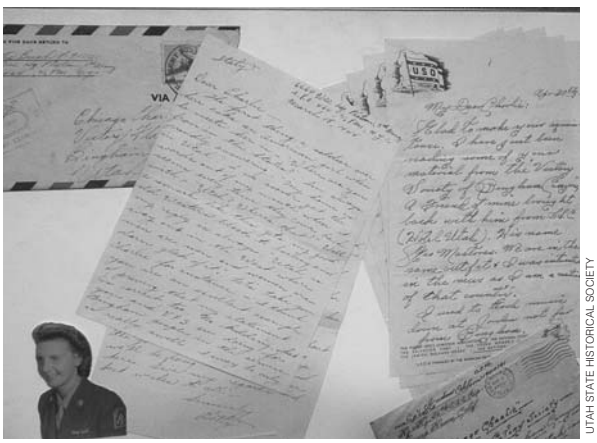
[25] Scott K. Lipsey letter of September 20, 1945.

[26] Many more letters sent to Chicago Charlie by military personnel are reportedly in the possession of private individuals.

[27] *Bingham Bulletin*, June 4, 8, 1943.

probably from the sale of food and beverages—going to the memorial fund.[28]

The VFS often posted its financial report in the newspaper. That did not stop some critics. Joseph P. Scussel, treasurer of the VFS, responded to them in an editorial published in the *Bingham Bulletin* on September 1, 1944. He explained that, "All funds raised by special drives…go into the war memorial treasury…includ[ing] money received through salvage drives." The fund-raising efforts of Chicago Charlie, however, were used by Charlie to publish the monthly newsletter sent to servicemen. As for the VFS's Christmas book/yearbook, that would be self-supporting, he said. Scussel also noted that he had initially viewed the newsletters as "a waste of time." However, reading hundreds of letters sent to the VFS by "the boys" had changed his mind. "Because the service men want the letters and the Christmas books they are going to get them. Those…who doubt the value of the program are invited to look over the mail we receive." The financial records of the VFS are "always open for inspection," he stated, and he challenged critics to tell the community what they had contributed in time and money to the morale effort.



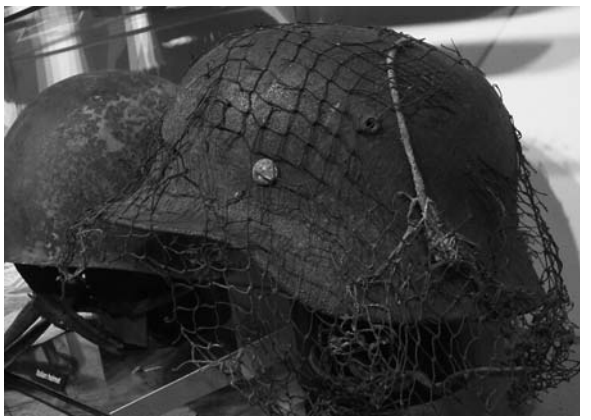
UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Letters sent to Chicago Charlie from Bingham Canyon service men and women on display at the Kennecott Copper Mine Visitor's Center in 2004 before copies of the letters were made and placed in the Utah State Historical Society library.

Scussel's forthright response seems to have silenced criticism, for the VFS and Charlie continued as before to widespread community support. Moreover, Charlie, "Bing-ham district's hard working patriot and patron of service men scattered over the world," was the guest of honor at a banquet attended by community leaders in December 1944. Attuned as he was to local news and gossip, Charlie "was completely taken aback….Not until the toastmaster, Elliott W. Evans, arose and began to speak did Charlie understand that he was being given community recognition for his original and carefully organized program to honor and support fighting men." Although "possessed of a fog horn voice and a sure instinct for ballyhoo," the newspaper said, "Charlie was quiet and modest in receiving applause."[29]

[28] See, for example, *Bingham Bulletin,* June 18, August 20, October 15, 1943; January 21, March 24, 31,1944.

[29] *Bingham Bulletin*, December 22, 1944. The accompanying photograph shows Charlie receiving a leather traveling bag and matching dressing case from UCC official Louis Buchman.



UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A German war helmet taken as a souvenir by a Bingham Canyon soldier and donated for exhibition at the Kennecott Copper Mine Visitor's Center.

In addition to monthly newsletters the VFS issued yearbooks during 1943, 1944, and 1945. These year-end paperback books, modeled on school yearbooks, contained photographs of local men and women in the armed services as well as messages from the community. They also reveal a little more about the organization of the VFS.

The first book (*Greetings to Our Men in the Armed Forces from Bingham Canyon Residents*) was published on October 1, 1943, by Leland G. Burress of the *Bingham Bulletin* and read and censored by attorney Chris T. Praggastis and postmaster Earl T. James. The book cost twenty-five cents. Families were encouraged to mail copies overseas by October 15 for Christmas arrival. The VFS promised to send books to those who had no family locally. Charlie asked those who received a yearbook to write to him, the "Founder and General Manager of this Society," so that the VFS would know how far the book had traveled.

The inside front cover lists these VFS officers: R. J. Contratto, commander-in-chief; Mrs. Theo Chesler, assistant chief; Dale Johnston, director; Ruby Knudsen, secretary; Joe Scussel, treasurer, and, in his self-deprecating mode, Carl Zahos, troublemaker.

The 1944 book, titled *The Glory of Bingham Canyon, Utah, 1941-1944*, lists the same VFS officers, although Mrs. Chesler went by her given name of Sadie, and Joe Scussel, the local medical doctor, was given his full name of Joseph P. Scussel. Carl Zahos, however, styled himself Chicago Charlie, supreme janitor.

According to this yearbook, about a hundred Bingham men were serving in the armed forces when Pearl Harbor was attacked. Three years later some eight hundred local men and women were stationed around the world, participating in most of the major battles on land and sea. The opening pages mention many of those involved, from the Aleutians to New Guinea, North Africa to Italy, and India to Thailand.

Charlie praised the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Leland G. Burress, John Adamek, Mrs. Shirley Jensen, and R. Dale Johnston for making the book a success and apologized to those whose pictures were not included. He

explained that some of the photographs the VFS collected were not good enough to be reproduced.[30]

The third and final yearbook—*Democracy Triumphs*—celebrated the end of the war. Earl T. James chaired the VFS book committee and Shirley Jensen typed the manuscript. "Carl Zahos, better known as Chicago Charlie, the Janitor of the Society," reported the VFS's belief that "Bingham Canyon is the only community in the United States that has published a book of this nature to honor the sons and daughters who served and are serving now…." He praised the efforts of the various Bingham Canyon communities: Lark, Highland Boy, Copperfield, Copperton, and Bingham. (Today, only the community of Copperton still exists, the others have been eliminated with the expansion of the Bingham open-pit mine.)

As of October 1, 1945, Charlie noted, the VFS's War Memorial Fund totaled $1,759 and that amount would go up or down depending on the profit or loss from sales of the new yearbook.

President Harry S. Truman announced the surrender of Japan on August 14, 1945. According to the *Bingham Bulletin* of August 17, 1945, people had kept a four-day vigil by their radios waiting for the official word. A two-day holiday in Bingham Canyon celebrated the momentous event. The VFS, which had built a victory over Japan display at the Bingham-Copperfield tunnel portal, held a flag ceremony at the site on September 8. State and local dignitaries attended and the Bingham High School Band played appropriate music.

Almost a year later, on July 4, at a welcome home celebration for returning veterans, the VFS unveiled a plaque honoring the fifteen Bingham Canyon men who had lost their lives during the war. When a permanent war memorial was built the plaque was permanently affixed to it.[31]

The World War II memorial was built near Bingham High School in Copperton. When the school was closed the monument was relocated to Copperton Park. The move reminded older residents about the monument's inception and the items put in a time capsule. When the copper box was found and opened it contained hundreds of letters written by GIs and addressed to Chicago Charlie, the VFS, and "Susan Montana," the pin-up girl created by Charlie, and other memorabilia.

In January 2004 Kennecott Copper Company, wanting to preserve these rare historical accounts, made a donation to the Utah State Historical Society so that copies of the letters and other materials could be made available for the use of scholars and others.

[30] The yearbooks were treasured items. RdM3/c John D Bokos wrote on September 13, 1945, that, "To this day I keep passing around my last years' Christmas book." It was a "wonderful" morale booster for "the boys overseas." Wherever they were from, his navy buddies could not "boast of anything compared to our Victory Flag Society."

[31] *Bingham Bulletin*, March 8, July 5, August 30, 1946.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Overland Journey From Utah to California: Wagon Travel from the City of Saints to the City of Angels By Edward Leo Lyman (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 2004. xiv + 288 pp. Cloth, $39.95.)

PERHAPS LONG OVERDUE, Edward Leo Lyman's new study on the southern route through Utah to California is well worth the wait. Most readers of Utah and American West history know of the Oregon, Mormon, and California Trails. These trails up the Platte River and over South Pass conveyed nearly one-half million emigrants west in the nineteenth century. Few, however, know of the significance of the route from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles known as the Southern Route. Wagon trains and travelers used this southern route extensively for more than a quarter century.

Edward Leo Lyman has taught history for more than thirty years at both secondary and college levels. He has published widely on Mormon politics, community and transportation history in the West. Lyman utilizes years of research and scholarship as he enthusiastically writes this timely and significant addition to the history of the region. Lyman begins with an overview of the route and geography then quickly details the history of the route starting with the Dominguez and Escalante Expedition, the mountain men, the Old Spanish Trail, the coming of Mormons to Utah, and the establishment of the Southern Route connecting Utah and California along what is generally the route of Interstate 15. Of significance is Lyman's documenting the utilization of the route as a major trail for freighters in addition to travelers.

As modern motorists drive from Las Vegas to Cajon Pass at seventy-five miles an hour in air-conditioned automobiles little do they understand or even think about the challenges of moving people and freight by teams and wagons over the same desert terrain a century and more ago. Travel impact on community development along the trail in Utah, Nevada, and the desert regions of California are shown. Lyman explains how the overland travelers impacted Native people and how the difficult route impacted travelers. He gently deals with the tragedy of Mountain Meadows, explaining not only the causes but also reviewing the historiography of the sad event.

Lyman's research is impressive. Pulling from many letters, journals, diaries, and newspapers of the day, as well as modern studies that touch on the trail, he creates the first complete study of the Southern Route detailing the history of the route and its impact on Utah and the West—"…travel on this road has never previously been given full historical attention. Now these heroic people who followed the most difficult of roads west may get their due" (234).

The excellent quality of research and writing, the addition of many photographs and maps, make this easily read book the final word on the topic and it is

heartily recommended for historians, students, and interested readers of Utah and Western history.

JOHN D. BARTON
Utah State University Uintah Basin Campus

Battle for the BIA: G.E.E. Lindquist and the Missionary Crusade against John Collier. By David W. Dailey (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2004. xii + 216 pp. Cloth, $39.95)

OVER THE LAST THREE DECADES a multitude of historical monographs have illuminated Native American survival and federal Indian policies in the twentieth century, but hardly anywhere in these studies can one find a detailed analysis of the importance of the Christian missionary movement in these contexts. David Daily's *Battle for the BIA* successfully tackles the task of filling this void in Native American studies by telling the almost unknown history of G.E.E. Lindquist, one of the most influential leaders of the Protestant Indian missionary movement, during the middle period of the twentieth century.

During the early part of the twentieth century, a complex and multifaceted partnership evolved between Protestant missionaries and the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The BIA opened its doors wide for Protestant missionaries and together they pushed to gradually assimilate Indians on reservations all over the United States. This BIA-missionary partnership, however, became severely challenged, and was ultimately destroyed, by the emergence of John Collier as Indian Commissioner in 1933. G.E.E. Lindquist, the son of Swedish immigrants, as a representative of the Home Missions Council of the Federal Council of Churches assumed the leadership of the Protestant opposition against Collier's revolutionary reform proposals for tribal self-government and land tenure. The hostile fight between Collier and Lindquist regarding tribal sovereignty, federal paternalism, and freedom for indigenous religions, issues that continue to occupy the attention of Indian communities today, rests at the center of Daily's *Battle for the BIA*.

The original draft of the Howard-Wheeler Act, as proposed by Collier, did not only threaten to eradicate Protestant influence in the BIA but for Lindquist and his allies it amounted to "civic heresy," as it proposed to protect tribal sovereignty and communal land ownership at the expense of federal and Protestant assimilation policies. Consequently, Lindquist engaged in months of lobbying, eventually leading Congress to pass a new version of the Howard-Wheeler Act that was in its essence compatible with his assimilationist goals. Lindquist effectively had undermined Collier's legislative proposals. During the following years, Lindquist tried

to redeem the BIA for the Protestant missionary movement in a constant struggle with Commissioner Collier, who, under the guise of traditional assimilationist rhetoric, moved the Bureau's policies closer toward "Indian nationhood—the political antithesis of assimilation" (p.87). Recognizing the futility of his endeavor, Lindquist led Protestant missionaries to rethink their strategic approach to assimilation. During the late 1940s, they abandoned their traditional beliefs in gradual assimilation and started to promote the immediate, radical assimilation of Native Americans into mainstream America on the basis of the "Indians' rights as individuals" (p.127). Consequently, Lindquist called for the elimination of federal guardianship for Native Americans, which he now, as it no longer served to the advantage of a Protestant agenda, interpreted as a form of federal domination that robbed indigenous people of full political equality. Following this strategy of radical assimilation, Lindquist and the Protestant missionary movement assumed a prominent role in the push for termination during the 1950s. Disillusioned, however, Lindquist soon had to realize that a majority of the Christian Indian leadership, who had supported him in the quest to eliminate federal guardianship, was not willing to abandon special treaty and tribal rights.

Battle for the BIA is eloquently written and based on a variety of primary and secondary source material. However, despite repeated references to Lindquist's Native American allies and opponents, surprisingly and to the disappointment of the reader, the study contains neither Christian nor non-Christian Indian voices. Additionally, Daily acknowledges Lindquist's prejudices against Indian cultures but generally tends to downplay them. In this vein, it also has to be mentioned that his narrative, at times, assumes an apologetic tone for Lindquist's and Protestant missions' assimilationist policies. With the exception of one brief reference, Daily does not question assimilation as legitimate policy and is not critical of its devastating cultural implications. Still, *Battle for the BIA,* by greatly enhancing our understanding of the dynamics of mid-twentieth century Indian policies and politics, proves to be an important contribution to Native American studies that should be on the bookshelves of any serious scholar.

GERHARD GRYTZ
University of Texas at Brownsville

The Salt Lake City 14th Ward Album Quilt, 1857: Stories of the Relief Society Women and Their Quilt By Carol Holindrake Nielson (Salt Lake City: The University of Utah Press, 2004. ix + 240 pp. Paper, $24.95.)

CAROL HOLINDRAKE NIELSON STARTED her research for this book when she and her husband inherited half of a quilt that had been made over a century earlier. As an album quilt, it not only displays several different unique

artistic styles, but also bears the signatures of the women who contributed to its construction. After tracking down the other half of the quilt that had been split in two by Richard Stephen Horne and given to his two oldest daughters, Nielson proceeded to dig deeper, assisted by the signatures of the makers of the quilt. Her work illustrates what life was like for early female members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Nielson uses the roster of women who contributed to the quilt as a steeping-stone to explore the often-neglected stories of our female forbearers.

Nielson starts her work with a brief description of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, so that those unacquainted with that faith can understand the church language and appreciate the important role the church played in the lives of the women whose stories she pieced together. She then recounts how she and her husband came to be in possession of the quilt and how finally the two halves were reunited. Nielson then launches into the history of the quilt, starting with the beginnings of the 14th Ward Relief Society, which was established in 1856, and culminating with the descriptions of the women who contributed to the quilt. Details concerning the 14th Ward are particularly interesting because many of the members had close ties to the church leadership.

Despite an awkward writing style, it is well researched, and the vignettes describing the lives of women like Phebe A. Woodruff, who was the first president of the 14th Ward Relief Society, and others like A.L. Morley and Vilate E. Romney make reading this book worthwhile. The experiences of the women, some who came across an ocean and then crossed a rugged country before they settled in Great Salt Lake City, are portrayed vividly. Nielson recounts the persecution many of these women faced on account of their religion, the trials of immigrating to Utah, and problems with the United States government. Nielson is particularly adept in the way she handles the issue of polygamy. She reminds the reader to cast off their modern preconceived notions of polygamy and examine it on a case by case basis by observing how the institution of polygamy affected the lives of the Relief Society Women that she investigated, many of whom were plural wives.

CYNTHIA L. HOTTES
Salt Lake City, Utah

Castle Valley America: Hard Land Hard Won Home By Nancy J. Taniguchi (Logan: Utah State University Press, 2004. ix + 365 pp. Cloth, $45.95; paper, $24.95.)

NANCY J. TANIGUCHI, currently a professor of history at California State University, Stanislaus, lived in Carbon County, Utah, for thirteen years in the 1970s and 1980s. While there, she was active in local historical organizations, read

widely in histories, biographies, diaries, and memoirs from Carbon and Emery counties, and conducted interviews with area old-timers. She has continued to draw upon her knowledge of the region in her subsequent scholarly research, including her first book, *Necessary Fraud: Progressive Reform and Utah Coal* (Oklahoma 1996), a study of corporate strategies to secure Castle Valley coal lands at the turn of the twentieth century. Now she has published *Castle Valley America*, a book that "has been in the making for over twenty-five years" (viii), Taniguchi's personal tribute to "the most distinctive rural valley in America" (8).

The interest and value of *Castle Valley America* reside in two chief qualities. The first is the author's well-informed effort to interpret Castle Valley history in the context of the larger currents of American experience over the last 125 years, justifying her claim that "a study of how forces and humans created today's Castle Valley, Utah, reflects a unique view of national aspirations" (8). The other source of interest lies in the rich tapestry of life-stories, expressing the experiences of dozens of individuals and families and representing the ethnic and religious diversity that set Castle Valley apart from other rural areas in Utah.

Castle Valley is noteworthy among Utah regions for the lateness of its original settlement and the rapidity of its early economic development. In a single decade after 1875, it changed from a place where no one lived, to a ranching frontier, to a frontier of Mormon agrarian colonization, to a "wage-workers' frontier" (50). Initially it was largely the same Anglo and Scandinavian Mormon population who experienced these economic changes, as herders took up homesteads and became permanent settlers then turned to seasonal work in railroad construction or coal mining to supplement their subsistence agriculture. But expansion soon brought new peoples. With the sheep that replaced the original cattle and horses on Castle Valley ranges in the 1890s came French and French Basque woolgrowers who would contribute importantly to the growth of Price as the regional commercial center. The demand for year-round miners to supply coal and coke to the growing Utah smelter industry brought Finns to the mountain coal camps at Winter Quarters and Clear Creek and Italians and "Austrians" (actually Slovenes, Croats, and Serbs whose homelands were under the rule of the Austro-Hungarian Empire) to Castle Gate and Sunnyside. When Italian miners took a leading part in the strike of 1903, Greeks were recruited as strike-breakers and assumed their own place in the ethnic patchwork of Castle Valley along with smaller numbers of Japanese, African-Americans, Irish railroaders, and others. The blackballed strikers moved to Helper or Price and went into business, or acquired farms in Spring Glen, creating another distinctive Castle Valley phenomenon, a farm village whose residents had names like Saccomanno and Clerico and Millarich instead of Petersen or Çhristensen.

Taniguchi places the building of the Rio Grande Western Railway through Castle Valley in the context of the major expansion of railroads in the American west in the decade of the 1880s, and views the Rio Grande's assumption of a

monopoly position in the Utah coalfields, through an intricate network of subsidiary corporations, as a local manifestation of the trusts that were coming to dominate the national economy. With the trust-busting Progressive Era of the early 1900s, other corporations or independent entrepreneurs developed new mines at Kenilworth, Hiawatha, Mohrland, and Spring Canyon and either used the leverage of federal regulation to obtain competitive shipping rates from the Rio Grande or constructed their own rail links to the Wasatch Front market. Taniguchi similarly explores Castle Valley's connections with American labor history; with the nativist sentiments of the 1920s, when the Ku Klux Klan was active in the region; with national Prohibition, the Great Depression of the 1930s, the Second World War and the subsequent Cold War that brought the uranium rush of the 1950s, and the energy crisis of the 1970s and '80s that brought industrialization to the Emery County portion of Castle Valley.

It is not surprising, in view of the large number of sources Taniguchi draws upon and the more than one thousand individual names she mentions, that she occasionally makes a mistake with a name or a historical or geographical detail. For example, she has the 1855 Elk Mountain settlement party entering Castle Valley by way of Joe's Valley and Cottonwood Canyon rather than the Wasatch (Salina) Pass route that their journals clearly indicate. She claims that early travelers chose Soldier Canyon rather than Price Canyon because of the steepness of the latter. In reality, the chief barrier to travel through Price Canyon was the river meanders, causing travelers to take the steeper but shorter Soldier Canyon. In her discussion of the woolgrowing industry, Taniguchi conflates descriptions of the early shearing corrals at Molen with the later, mechanized operation at Mounds, obscuring important developments that occurred over a period of more than twenty years. She also has railroads switching from coal to diesel locomotives several years earlier than this transition occurred in Castle Valley. But these are minor quibbles about what is, on the whole, an admirably researched, well conceived, and well written work.

EDWARD A. GEARY
Brigham Young University

BOOK NOTICES

Discoveries: Two Centuries of Poems by Mormon Women Compiled and edited by Susan Elizabeth Howe and Sheree Maxwell Bench (Provo: Joseph Fielding Smith Institute for Latter-day Saint History and Association for Mormon Letters, 2004. xxv + 122 pp. Paper, $9.95.)

Discoveries is a collection of personal poems by eighteenth and nineteenth century Mormon women. The book evolved from a reader's theater and exhibit project sponsored by the Women's History Initiative team of Brigham Young University's Joseph Fielding Smith Institute for Latter-day Saint History. Some poets, such as Eliza R. Snow, May Swenson, and Emma Lou Thayne, will be well known to readers; others, as the title of the book suggests, will be pleasant discoveries. Topics relate to the stages of women's lives, and the poems are dramatic, humorous and descriptive. A biography for each poet can be found in the concluding portion of the book. Also included are selected images from *Songs and Flowers of the Wasatch,* a book of poems and flower paintings created for the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition.

Native American Placenames of the United States By William Bright (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2004. xviii + 600 pp. $59.95.)

"This work is the first comprehensive dictionary of the origins of US placenames, used in English, which have American Indian origins or associations" (p. 3). Each of the more than twelve thousand entries includes location by state and county, origin, meaning, and, when applicable, the source for the information. The author is Professor Emeritus of Linguistics and Anthropology at UCLA and Adjunct Professor Linguistics at the University of Colorado.

Vocabulario Vaquero/Cowboy Talk: A Dictionary of Spanish Terms from the American West By Robert N. Smead (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2004. xxxii + 197 pp. $29.95.)

From abrojo and arroyo to mesquite and mustang and concluding with zopilote and zorrillas, you will find the meaning and pronunciation of hundreds of Spanish terms that are an essential part of the American cowboy's vocabulary. As Richard W. Slatta observes in his Forward, "The rich bounty of Spanish-origin words gathered into this volume provides an enlightening view into the origins and cultural workings of the western cattle industry. The absorption of such a large number of ranch-related words from Spanish into English offers striking evidence of the importance of that heritage to the history of the American

West" (ix). This interesting publication is funded in part by a grant from the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, Brigham Young University.

Blood of the Prophets: Brigham Young and the Massacre at Mountain Meadows By Will Bagley (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2002. First paperback printing, 2004. xxiv + 493; Paper, $24.95.)

Reviewed in the Spring 2003 issue of *Utah Historical Quarterly*, Will Bagley's award winning study of the Mountain Meadows Massacre is now available in a paperback edition from the University of Oklahoma Press.

Black and Mormon edited by Newel G. Bringhurst and Darron T. Smith (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 2004. 172 pp. $34.95.)

This fine set of essays by nine scholars examines the status of African Americans in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints during the twenty-five years since the lifting of the ban excluding black male members from holding the priesthood on June 9, 1978.

Edited by well-known Utah historian Newell G. Bringhurst and Darron T. Smith, an African-American member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and instructor at Utah Valley State College and Brigham Young University, the essays discuss such issues and questions as the historical and scriptural origins and defense of the ban, the experience of African American Latter-day Saints before the 1978 revelation, the extent to which church leaders have addressed issues of racism, how white LDS members compare with other whites on race issues, and the extent to which an acceptance of diversity can be observed in contemporary Mormon life. In addition to the editors, other contributors include Alma Allred, Ronald G. Coleman, Ken Driggs, Jessie L. Embry, Darius Gray, Cardell K. Jacobson, and Armand L. Mauss.

American Indians in U. S. History By Roger L. Nichols (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2003. xxii + 288 pp. Paper, $17.95.)

This one-volume narrative provides the general reader and student of American history with a broad overview of the indigenous people, beginning with their origins through the end of the twentieth century. The volume includes a chronology of important events, maps, and photographs. Today, American Indians are stronger in numbers than they have been after many decades of disease, conflicts, federal government policies, and suppression of their traditional cultures and identities.

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This publication has been funded with the assistance of a matching grant-in-aid from the National Park Service, under provisions of the National Historic Preservation Act of 1966 as amended.